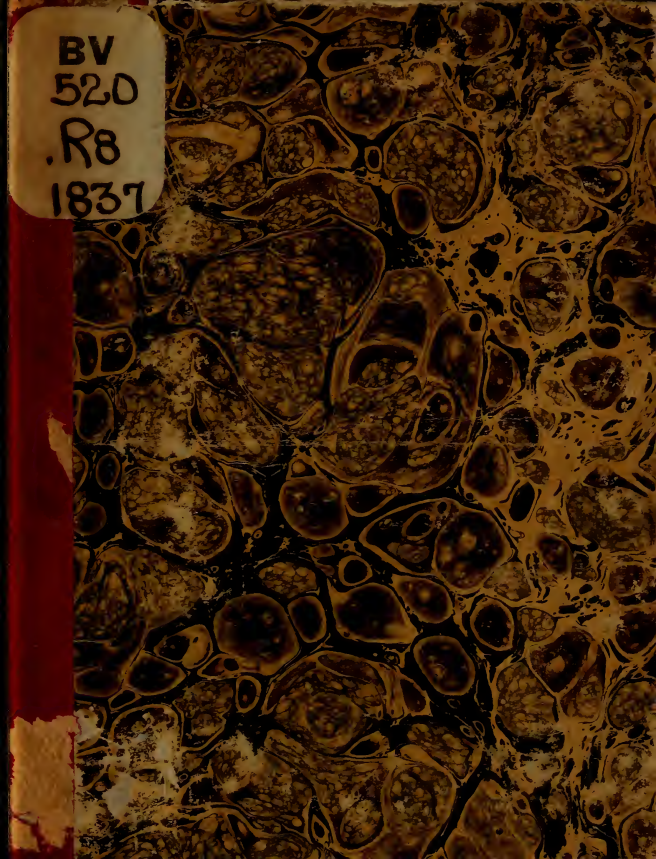


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HYMNS

COMPOSED FOR THE USE OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS,

AND

YOUTHFUL CHRISTIANS.

BY JOSEPH RUSLING,

AUTHOR OF "DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES."

Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the
believers. 1 Tim. iv. 12.

Philadelphia:

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P R E F A C E.

THE author of this little work acknowledges his obligations to those who have so liberally patronized his "Devotional Exercises," and he sincerely hopes the present work may receive the same welcome patronage, (the former having in six months passed to a 3rd edition.) He is aware of the difficulty there is in the construction of hymns adapted to the use of children, and therefore, has, as much as possible, avoided the extreme of the merely imaginative and its opposite. He has aimed at plain and sound expressions, and an adaptation of sentiment to the subject as occasions required. And commending it to God, and his friends, humbly prays it may be rendered abundantly useful for the purposes designed.

J. RUSLING.

Philada., July, 1837.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

L. M.

1 SAW ye the distant cloud arise,
Not larger than a human hand ?
Yet soon it covered all the skies,
And pour'd its showers upon the land.
And thus the Sunday Schools appear,
Though small and feeble was their day;
They now are spreading every where,
O'er all the earth they wend their way.

2 Behold each Sabbath morn's return,
When millions meet to hear the word;
Whose souls with animation burn,
Offering their worship to the Lord.
And Sabbath Schools commingling there,
Bound in affection's strongest tie,
With sires and sons they all appear,
Hymning the praise of the Most High.

A

3 See how the messengers of God
The banners of the gospel wave ;
Pointing to heavenly scenes above,
To crowns and thrones beyond the grave.
And Sunday Schools, a youthful band,
With those ambassadors attend ;
And gathering with a liberal hand,
Thousands of souls to glory send.

4 Hear ye the softest minstrelsy,
The full melodious sounding lyre,
Those tuneful harps from discord free,
Mingling with the celestial choir ?
The schools in beautiful array,
With richest melody of tone,
Swell and inspire the rapturous lay,
In anthems round the eternal throne.

5 The veteran hosts from war relieved,
Their trophies cast at Jesus' feet ;
Their last full victories achieved,
On heaven's exalted heights they meet :
And there, with them, a youthful band,
Clad in most beautiful array,
Are also crowned at God's right hand,
And welcomed to eternal day.

THE FRUITS OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS. L. M.

1 BEHOLD ! the beauteous morning sky,
Adorn'd with pure ethereal light;
The full orb'd sun mounts up on high,
Scattering the gloomy shades of night.
And thus the beams of heav'nly day,
Break in upon the earth's misrule;
And purer light in full display,
Dawns from the well-form'd Sunday School.

2 Though frail and young the rising morn,
And ling'ring shadows round us stray ;
Yet brighter glories shall adorn
And welcome in the noon-tide ray.
Children shall early learn to know
Heaven's primary and sacred rules ;
And various embryo sages show
Their first lines in the Sunday Schools.

3 In many a dreary cavern wrought,
Deeply imbedded in the sands ;
From rude and shapeless masses brought,
The fair Corinthian column stands.
And Christians, and the pure divine,
Moulded by wisdom's gracious rules ;
In all their beauteous order shine,
The product of the Sunday Schools.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

P. M.

1 How beauteous is the sight,
Where little children meet,
How rich is the delight,
Their youthful songs, how sweet!
And Jesus loves his name to hear,
When children round his throne appear.

2 How happy is the place
Where children meet the Lord,
And banquet on his grace,
And learn and love his word ;
The place where they received their birth,
The happiest spot on all the earth.

3 A holy Bethel, this,
Which Sunday Schools do prove ;
How pure indeed the bliss,
How sweet the youthful love ;
And cherub hosts with children join,
To mingle praises all divine.



A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER. C. M.

1 SAVIOUR, a little child desires
Before thy throne to kneel,

And with an ardent soul, aspires
Thy pardoning love to feel.

2 Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,
And then thy peace bestow;
And O may thy redeeming love,
My youthful heart o'erflow.

3 O'er me thy shield defensive spread,
All hostile foes subdue,
And let thy grace on me be shed,
Like heaven's descending dew.

4 Assist me, Lord, whene'er I bow
In humble prayer to thee;
Let me thy sacred goodness know,
Thy full salvation see.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN OF PRAISE. C. M.

1 HAPPY are they that fear the Lord,
And wisdom's ways pursue;
Who, in obedience to his word,
Their daily vows renew.

2 Children and tender babes may bring
Their off'rings to his name;
And in their sweetest triumph, sing
The praises of the Lamb.

3 Jesus, attune each youthful lyre,
And we will sing for thee;
And graciously each soul inspire,
With all thy purity.

4 Unite our souls in sweet accord,
All jarring strings remove;
And may the worship of the Lord,
Inspire our hearts with love.



CHILDREN THE LORD'S HERITAGE. P. M.

1 CLAIM us, O Lord, as thine,
Of love, give each a share;
An heritage divine,
All little children are;
And O may we on thee rely,
Our guardian to the realms on high.

2 Our youthful souls inspire,
Engrave on each thy name;

And may celestial fire,
Like pentecostal flame,
Our souls and passions sanctify,
Prepared for mansions in the sky.

3 Obedient to thy word,
We round thine altars bend ;
To worship thee, O Lord,
And in thy courts attend ;
O meet our youthful company,
And our redeeming Saviour be.

THE CHILD'S PETITION. P. M.

1 ALL glory to the Saviour's name,
Who once in human flesh became
A little child, like me ;
Who left the grandeur of his throne,
To make his Father's pleasure known,
And set poor sinners free.

2 Jesus, I thank thee for thy grace,
Thou who in kindness did embrace
Young children brought to thee ;
May I be also richly blest,
And on my great Redeemer's breast,
Thy full salvation see.

3 Be this alone my happy choice,
To calmly sit and hear thy voice,
Full of the richest love;
And in obedience to thy will,
My duties faithfully fulfil,
Until I hence remove.

A CHILD'S TRUST IN GOD. C. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, a child would trust in thee,
In thee alone confide;
While to thy kind embrace I flee,
And in thy bosom hide.
- 2 This world is but a scene of woe,
With dangers ever near;
Yet if my Lord his goodness show,
My heart shall never fear.
- 3 I thank thee, Lord, for all I have,
How rich and full thy grace;
I now possess what most I crave,
Thy filial, kind embrace.
- 4 I thank thee for my parents, dear,
Whose counsels I regard;
Who taught my infant heart thy fear,
And virtue's great reward.

- 5 Who showed my tender youthful mind
The sacred use of prayer ;
And with solicitude most kind,
My forms they did prepare.
- 6 But thou, O Lord, in mercies kind,
All others doth exceed ;
In thee do helpless children find
A parent's love indeed.
- 7 Though death my present friends remove,
The Lord remains the same ;
And thy supremely gracious love,
Is changeless as thy name.
-

SABBATH MORNING.

L. M.

- 1 WE love to meet our teachers here,
And mingle with them praise and prayer ;
To bow the humble suppliant knee,
And learn, O Lord, to worship thee.
- 2 Our teachers all divinely bless,
And fill them with thy holiness ;
That guided by thy counsel, we
May be directed, Lord, to thee.

3 Inspir'd by our Redeemer's word,
United by affection's cord;
May our devotion ever rise
Like holy incense to the skies.

4 This Sabbath, Lord, to thee is given,
A day the happiest of the seven;
The time when with emotions sweet,
The children their lov'd teachers meet.



THE GOD OF ISRAEL. L. M.

PART FIRST.

1 HAIL! Jacob's God, and sovereign Lord,
Who formed creation by his word;
Who spread illimitable space,
And gave the orbs and spheres their place.
His powerful word gave nature birth,
And filled the sea and raised the earth,
And bade all moving things prepare,
And build them habitations there.

2 He offered Abraham and his race,
Peculiar promises and grace;
And blest and bade them multiply,
Like stars unnumber'd in the sky.

Th' Eternal God, the Holy One!
Claimed Israel as his first-born son;
And heaven its bounties did prepare,
To furnish all his tribes a share.

3 The patriarch on the pillow'd stone,
Reposing lay, but not alone;
His God was there; the same is mine,
With all th' attendant hosts divine.
The verdant grove in which he bowed,
Was filled with glory and with God;
And he pronounced that blissful state,
"The house of God and heaven's gate."

PART SECOND.

L. M.

1 Look up, my soul, the Lord is here,
He comes thy hope of heaven to cheer;
Thy love to warm, thy wounds to heal,
And all his kindness to reveal.
He comes his goodness to display
And wash and cleanse thy sins away;
Thy passions and thy powers to bless
With all the charms of holiness.

2 'Tis Israel's God, the King of kings,
Whose hands are fill'd with precious things;
And these he doth delight to spread,
Within thy heart and round thy head.

He comes his promise to fulfil,
To keep thee safe from every ill;
His love and power whate'er prevail,
To thee shall never, never fail.

3 He bids the high angelic band,
About thy habitation stand;
And with a kind attentive eye,
Preserves thee when the foe is nigh.
Near thee those heavenly courtiers are,
When thou art call'd the cross to bear;
Regardful of the softest sigh,
Or silent tear that fills the eye.

PART THIRD.

L. M.

1 When night's dark pall o'er earth is spread,
And thou art slumbering on thy bed,
God doth thy wearied eyelids close,
And gives thee calm and sweet repose.
Thy daily wants he doth supply
From his exhaustless store on high;
And with a liberal hand, doth give
Those gifts on which his people live.

2 Praise him, my soul, whose hand bestows
The blessings which thy cup o'erflows;
His goodness doth profusely spread
Thy table o'er with living bread.

But O! that gift of all the rest,
'The greatest, brightest, and the best ;
A Saviour to the world bestowed,
To show the wond'rous love of God.

3 He that was rich, forsook his throne,
That for our sins he might atone ;
And died for all who died for me,
Upon the cross on Calvary.
And now behold from Calvary's top,
The path to glory lighted up ;
A heavenly beam illumines the way
That leads to everlasting day.

PART FOURTH.

L. M.

1 The Spirit issues from the throne,
From God the Great and Holy One ;
And lo! it comes mankind to bless,
With pardoning love and holiness.
Behold! the influence of his love,
Descending from the courts above ;
Its holy, pure, and kindling fire,
All souls illumine, all hearts inspire.

2 It comes the gloom of night to cheer,
To make the rising day more clear ;
And all mankind to life restore,
That they may live and die no more.

It comes with all the love of God,
To shed in faithful souls abroad;
To cleanse them from their guilt and sin,
And purify their powers within.

3 It grants the prisoners liberty,
And bids the oppressed all go free;
The blind restores, the dumb relieves
And soundness to the wounded gives,
It shows an high and holy way,
Leading to realms of endless day;
Where all the ransomed tribes repair,
And raise their songs of triumph there.

PART FIFTH.

L. M.

1 The spirit of Eternal Power
Aids us the Saviour to adore;
Confirms our faith, our hope improves,
And every anxious fear removes.
Its influence when profusely given,
Makes earth a miniature of heaven;
And souls are made the blest abode,
Of glory, and the Eternal God.

2 It well matures each gift and grace,
And cheers each circumstance and place;
It soothes our grief when ills annoy,
With pure delight and perfect joy.

Happy the soul which day by day,
Enjoys the Spirits' full display;
The rich and free effusion given,
Fresh from the opened courts of heaven,

3 Happy indeed that favoured breast,
Which is by inspiration blest;
'That feels the power of perfect love,
All fear and dread of death remove;
'That peaceful heart that knows most clear,
The spirit bearing witness there;
The sacred pledge and earnest given,
Of its inheritance in heaven.

PART SIXTH.

L. M.

1 Cheer up, my soul, dispel thy fear,
See thy redemption drawing near;
Time's trembling sands will soon be run,
And all thy toils forever done;
See Heaven's bright mansions now appear,
The blood-wash'd hosts assembled there;
Abraham and all his sons are found,
With pure celestial glory crowned.

2 And see what crowded myriads stand
Waving to thee a welcome hand;
Their anthems, and their gestures say,
Brother, arise, and come away;

Ah ! Lord, how readily would I
Join those blest armies of the sky ;
Tuning my minstrelsy to raise
Sweet hymns of holy, heavenly praise.

3 Kindles my soul in view of this,
An entrance to immortal bliss ;
My heart inhales a sacred fire,
That none but Jesus could inspire.
Jesus, to thee all praise I'll give,
For thee alone I love to live ;
And while upon the earth I move,
It is enough to feel thy love.

4 Assur'd of this, if thou love me,
Thy brightest glory I shall see ;
Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space,
Shall separate me from that place.
Then patiently will I stand still,
And see thy purposes fulfil ;
And O, my Lord, preserve me blest,
'Till call'd to my eternal rest.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

7s.

1 JESUS, let a little child,
Humbly supplicate thy throne ;
Speak to me in accents mild,
O thou great and Holy One.

2 Fill my youthful heart with grace,
Make it thy beloved abode ;
Show thy reconciling face,
O my Father and my God.

3 May I early learn thy ways,
Early know thy power and love ;
Then devote to thee my days,
Till I am removed above.

4 As my fathers lov'd thy name,
As they walk'd in wisdom's ways ;
I would gladly do the same,
Serve thee all my length of days.

5 In me let thy will be done,
Grant me all thy power and love ;
Reign within my heart alone,
Thou who rules the courts above.

6 Lord I give thee all I have,
Let me live and die for thee ;
Thee, and thee alone I crave,
Now and in eternity.

GOD THE GUARDIAN OF S. SCHOOLS. P. M.

1 ALL hail the Prince of Peace,
God's well beloved Son ;
Whose kingdom shall increase,
Long as time's course shall run ;
Who over all creation rules,
Guardian of all our Sunday Schools.

2 Assembled now we hold
Communion with our Lord ;
As lambs of his own fold,
We live in sweet accord ;
For he who all creation rules,
Is Lord of all our Sunday Schools.

3 Our souls delight to meet
Our heavenly Master here ;
And each the other greet,
With sweet and mutual cheer ;
While Jesus who creation rules,
Presides o'er all our Sunday Schools,

4 May we obedient prove,
Faithful to Jesus' word ;
And soon we'll meet above,
To paradise restored ;
For He, who over all doth rule,
Will save a faithful Sunday School.

CHILDREN'S AFFECTION. C. M.

- 1 INSPIR'D by Jesus' dying love,
We all our sins confess ;
And pray the Saviour from above,
Would every bosom bless.
 - 2 According to thy sacred word,
Our mutual hearts agree,
To serve thee each with sweet accord,
United all to thee.
 - 3 Bound by the cords of Jesus' love,
Our mutual songs we raise ;
And hymn the choral themes above,
Full of extatic praise.
 - 4 And thus while bow'd the throne before,
We each to each draw near ;
And all rejoice, and all adore,
When blest in humble prayer.
-

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN. L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, we love to mingle here,
And join at Sunday School in prayer ;
And in the sweetest harmony,
Unite to praise and worship thee.

2 Bound by affection's strongest cord,
We each our mutual prayers afford ;
And when the teachers thou shall bless
Regard their flocks with righteousness.

3 O make us all in spirit one,
Thy gracious work lead gently on ;
Improve our faith, our love inflame,
To' adore more ardently thy name.

4 Let child and teacher side by side
In thee rejoice, in thee confide ;
And when the last loud trump is given,
May the whole circle rise to heaven.



MUTUAL AFFECTION.

L. M.

1 FATHER of all the hosts above,
Thy name we do revere and love ;
Thou art the object we adore,
All love, all majesty and power.

2 Beneath thy out-spread shadowing wing,
Our peaceful souls delight to sing ;
And tuning our best minstrelsy,
All praise, all songs we render thee.

3 Open our lips and we will raise,
To thee our earliest hymns of praise ;
Hosannas shall our powers employ,
And every heart dilate with joy.

4 And this our future years shall spend,
Thy cause and glory to extend ;
May love increase, and bliss improve,
Till we are crowned in worlds above.



CHILDREN'S MUTUAL PRAYER. S. M.

1 JESUS, we love thee still,
We love each other too ;
And join we to adore thy will,
And all thy ways pursue.

2 In mutual prayer we bow,
Before the throne of grace ;
And O to us unveiled show,
The glories of thy face.

3 Be thou our Saviour kind,
Embrace each child as thine ;
And all united in one mind,
Our sweetest praise combine.

- 4 Our youthful souls impress,
With all thy power and love;
And vested with thy holiness,
Ascend the courts above.



SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN. S. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, do thou appear,
Our Sabbath School to bless;
Give to our youthful hearts thy fear,
And perfect righteousness.
- 2 Thy boundless grace reveal,
And all our fears remove;
And let our youthful spirits feel
The kindlings of thy love.
- 3 Subdue our hearts to thee,
And may our infant tongues
From all offence and guile be free,
And full of cheerful songs.
- 4 Call us each one by name,
Embrace each child as thine;
And O regard our youthful claim,
With benefits divine.

THE ORPHAN'S PLEA.

L. M.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the hosts above,
Whose ear attends the softest sigh;
Accept the first fruits of my love,
And listen to an orphan's cry.
- 2 With those who are the "fond of peace,"
Let me its richest treasures find;
And as my years, may love increase,
To temper and adorn my mind.
- 3 Bereav'd of friends to me most dear,
By penury's cold hand oppress'd;
Thou only can'st an orphan cheer,
And soothe the sorrows of my breast.
- 4 Leave me not comfortless, to mourn
The absence of paternal care;
Nor let my bosom feel the thorn
Of cold neglect to rankle there.
- 5 Nor yet solicit, but in vain,
Hearts of reluctant charity;
Who courtesy can e'en retain,
Repulsive to an orphan's plea.
- 6 Friend of the friendless; kind indeed,
The "good Samaritan" thou art;
To me in every time of need,
Thy friendly healing balm impart.

- 7 Thus cheer'd, a child, a worm of dust,
Heaven's best and full regard shall prove;
Its power and faithful promise trust,
Lov'd with a pure, unchanging love.
-

CHRIST EMBRACING CHILDREN. L. M.

- 1 How happy that auspicious day,
From every cloud and shadow free;
When Christ the Lord was heard to say
"Bring little children unto me!"
- 2 "Let all your sons to me be given,
I claim them for the courts above;
And little children shall in heaven,
Sing anthems of redeeming love."
- 3 The Saviour with a smiling face,
Takes the young children to his breast;
And with a kind and lov'd embrace,
Declares their infant spirits blest.
- 4 O that we may those blessings share,
These favour'd children did receive;
Whom Jesus on his breast did bear,
And lov'd, and blest, and bade them live.

HYMN OF PRAISE. L. M.

- 1 COME, children, with your teachers join,
To hymn the goodness of the Lord ;
Your hearts and voices both combine,
In mutual praise in sweet accord.
- 2 The Lord delights our souls to bless,
And in our faithful hearts to rule ;
And lo ! his cloud of righteousness
Is passing o'er our Sunday School.
- 3 O may we catch the gracious shower,
And fruit in rich abundance bear ;
May each receive the spirit's pow'r,
A full and overflowing share.
- 4 Thanks to the Lord, whose gifts abound,
Whose bounty all our wants supply ;
Ten thousand, thousand souls are crown'd,
Who on his faithful word rely.
- 5 What though our frames are made of dust,
And weak and trembling worms we are ?
Yet in Jehovah we will trust,
Whose goodness reaches every where.
- 6 We will approach his throne of grace,
Whose power holds universal rule ;
And child and teacher sing His praise,
Who loves a faithful Sunday School.

ADMIRATION OF THE FATHERS. L. M.

- 1 How faithful once the Fathers were,
How strong their faith, and warm their love ;
And each obtain'd from God a share
Of wisdom, coming from above.
- 2 We love to read their history still,
Their record in the scriptures given ;
How faithfully they did fulfil
Their earthly course, and went to heaven.
- 3 We love the graces they possessed,
The power by which they were inspir'd ;
The virtues that adorn'd their breast,
And ardour which their bosom's fir'd.
- 4 Their full conformity of soul,
Their faith, their patience, and their love ;
Which time, nor place did e'er control,
Or stern adversities remove.
- 5 O that we may with them be blest,
And made the children of the Lord ;
With them obtain the promis'd rest,
And recompence of great reward.
- 6 May sires and sons, at last appear
On Zion's heights in bright array ;
And glorious crowns of triumph wear,
In mansions of eternal day.

JESUS OUR PROTECTOR. C. M.

- 1 JESUS did once an infant lay,
In Bethlehem's humble shed ;
The manger and the tuft of hay,
Were first his lonely bed.
 - 2 And he in children takes delight,
And loves to hear them pray ;
He guards their slumbers in the night,
And footsteps through the day.
 - 3 Our various wants to him are known,
And these he doth supply ;
And from his high and glorious throne,
Attends his childrens' cry.
 - 4 My youthful soul his name shall bless,
And all his power adore ;
And join to sing his righteousness,
When time shall be no more.
-

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN. L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour loves a little child,
Who early learns to fear his name ;
Whose ways are gentle, soft and mild,
At every time and place the same.

2 He loves them when they humbly kneel,
In holy reverence at his throne ;
And bids them all his pleasures feel,
The bliss of loving him alone.

3 A little child may then draw near,
And lisp the praises of the Lord ;
And in his holy courts appear,
And trust his faithfulness and word.

4 Jesus, my Lord, I greatly fear,
And love and venerate thy name ;
And O my guardian Lord, appear
To future years, unchang'd, the same.



MORNING SCHOOL HYMN. C. M.

1 COME, children, let us all improve
The morning's glorious light ;
Come let us lift our hearts above,
That God may guide them right.

2 Let sin be banish'd from this place,
Ne'er to return again ;
And may the Saviour's beauteous grace,
On every soul remain.

3 Let a few passing hours be spent
In worship most sincere ;
And our best songs to heaven be sent,
To find acceptance there.

4 Let us invite the Saviour here,
Our Sunday Schools to bless ;
And lo ! we do believe him near,
With all his righteousness.



THE SAVIOUR'S PRESENCE. C. M.

1 Jesus, art thou not always near,
The pardoning Saviour thou ?
But more especially appear,
Amidst thy children now.

2 Cleanse their offences all away,
Each youthful mind renew ;
Teach every trembling lip to pray,—
With grace each soul bedew.

3 Shed forth the spirit of thy grace,
Our Sunday Schools inflame ;
Unveil thy reconciled face,
Make known thy glorious name.

- 4 Shed forth the pentecostal fire,
Its heavenly power impart;
And every faithful child inspire,
And purify each heart.



RETIRING FROM S. SCHOOL. C. M

- 1 LORD, from our schools we would retire,
With grateful songs of praise;
And feel within our hearts a fire,
Of unextinguish'd blaze.
- 2 While here assembled in thy name,
How sweet the hours pass by;
And cheerful hopes our souls inflame
Of meeting in the sky.
- 3 The teachers and their children part,
Yet one remain in mind;
Bound by the strongest cords, each heart,
In love are closer join'd.
- 4 Pledged we are now before the throne,
To meet from day to day;
And pray that Jesus may atone,
And wash our sins away.

- 5 And if, e'er we attend again,
Death should some one remove ;
May we our company regain
In heavenly worlds above.

CHILD'S DEVOTION.

S. M.

- 1 COME children join with me,
The Saviour to adore ;
Let us obtain his purity,
Increasing evermore.
- 2 May we his image bear,
Who died on calvary ;
His crosses and his triumphs share,
And his salvation see.
- 3 May we who suffer now,
Our trembling hearts assure,
God will e'er long our conquests show,
Where glories are mature.

FOR TEACHERS.

L. M.

- 1 HEAD of the church whose name we bear,
With blessings in our midst appear ;
All shadows from our minds remove,
And give us wisdom from above.

2 Called from our lowly humble sphere,
The burden of thy schools to bear ;
To us a solemn charge is given,
To train the youthful minds for heaven.

3 Can worms so frail sufficient be,
To mould for immortality ?
Without thy grace we cannot claim.
One single virtue to our name,

4 Though feeble we, as grains of dust,
Yet in thy powerful name we trust ;
And thou who over all dost rule,
Will aid us with our Sunday School.



A CHILD DESIRING ACCESS TO GOD. L. M.

1 SAVIOUR, I would to thee draw near,
Though frail my thoughts, and weak my prayer ;
For thou dost with a kind regard,
The faithfulness of youth reward.

2 Young Timothy, so well beloved,
His earlier graces had improved ;
And now to all believers known,
He is a bright example shown.

3 O that, like Timothy, I may
Improve my grace from day to day ;
May feel the Spirit's full impress,
Its light, its warmth and righteousness.

4 Saviour, to me thy love display,
Teach me to watch and how to pray ;
Instruct me also to believe,
And in thee move, and near thee live.



THE YOUTH'S TRUST IN GOD. L. M.

1 LAUNCH'D forth on time's relentless wave,
Like Peter once, I trembling stand ;
Thy kind regard O Lord I crave,
Save me, and bring me safe to land.

2 Though but a young adventurer true,
My confidence is plac'd in God ;
And onward constantly pursue
The path that leads to thy abode.

3 My trembling heart at times gives way,
When huge dark threat'ning storms appear ;
But He who hears the feeblest pray,
Will give my soul abundant cheer.

4 How shall a young man cleanse his way,
But by believing, Lord, on thee;
And though dark clouds obscure the day,
I shall thy full salvation see.

THE YOUTH'S PRAYER.

P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, forgive what I have done,
And thy blest image stamp upon
The tablet of my heart;
Wash my offences all away,
And beams of brighter, purer ray
More gloriously impart.

2 Forbid my youthful feet to stray,
And choose for me the happier way,
Leading to thine abode;
That heavenly mould to me be given,
That trains, and then directs to heaven,
To glory and to God.

3 Transform my heart and make it kind,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And love's exhaustless store;
May graces with my years increase,
And hopes revive, and perfect peace,
Remain forevermore.

SENSIBLE OF YOUTHFUL ERRORS. L. M.

1 TEN thousand painful throes, O Lord,
I feel, while list'ning to thy word;
To things of sense I have inclin'd,
More than the culture of my mind.

2 My footsteps nigh had reach'd the place,
Beyond the motions of thy grace;
My heart had lost its purity,
'Midst vain and trifling company.

My youthful inexperience'd mind,
Was lur'd by errors seeming kind;
I tremble while my thoughts portray,
The cause that guil'd my steps away.

In mercy, Lord, my heart restore,
And keep me that I stray no more;
From dissipation's vortex free,
Preserve my soul eternally.



THE RECLAIMED YOUTH. L. M.

JESUS, my heart if thou should'st prove,
And try my faithfulness and love;
With gentleness my soul restore,
Lest I should fall to rise no more.

2 By strange impulses I was driven,
To sin against my God and heaven;
Father, thy long lost son forgive,
And let me in thy presence live.

3 My soul is humbled at thy feet,
Asham'd I am thy face to meet;
Yet all my youthful revelry,
I gladly will resign for thee.

4 Accept a prodigal's full plea,
Be thou my Father kind to me;
Remove my vestments of disgrace,
And give me in thy heart a place.



THE YOUTH'S WISH.

L. M.

1 I wish the daily stream of love,
Fresh flowing from the throne above,
The Spirit's full inspiring power,
My vessel filled and running o'er.

2 The effusion rich of purity,
Image express of Deity;
The likeness of my Lord bestowed,
The smile of an approving God.

3 The visitations of thy grace,
The glories from thy unveil'd face;
The soul's full preparation given,
The sweet assuring hope of heaven.

“STAND STILL AND SEE MY SALVATION.”

PART FIRST.

L. M.

1 STAND still, my soul, and thou shalt see
The great salvation of the Lord;
He will from bondage set thee free,
According to his faithful word.
The Lord his promise shall fulfil,
Though hosts of threat'ning foes are nigh,
Trust thou in him, adore his will,
And he shall all thy wants supply.

2 God will a course for thee provide,
And fully show to thee his power;
The stormy main he will divide,
And pass thee safe and kindly o'er.
The minstrel choirs with anthems sweet,
Shall triumph on the distant shore;
While all the hostile chariots meet
A watery grave, to rise no more.

B

3 Onward to promis'd Canaan go,
With God thy great Eternal Lord,
And he will all his wonders show,
Only rely upon his word.
To thee shall daily bread be given,
The rock with flowing streams shall cleave,
And manna shall descend from heav'n,
On which thou shalt most richly live.

PART SECOND.

L. M.

1 The pillar and the cloud by day,
Shall shade thee when by heat oppress'd ;
At night its cheering brilliant ray,
Shall be a signal for thy rest.
When Sinai's fiercer lightnings play,
And God descends upon its brow ;
Fear not the Infinite display,
Which He doth to his people show.

2 The full commandments of the Lord,
With holy, grateful sense receive ;
And faithfully obey his word,
And in his sacred statutes live.
To Canaan's bounds thy course pursue,
Nor murmur when thy foes appear ;
God will thy blessings all renew,
And have them furnished every where.

3 Though Jordan's rolling waters rise,
A barrier to the promis'd land ;
"Be still," and God will from the skies
Bid its proud waves on heaps to stand ;
With dauntless courage then pass o'er
The watery waste, it shall divide,
And thou shalt stand on Canaan's shore,
Beyond the fury of the tide.

PART THIRD.

L. M.

1 A land that flows with milk and wine,
Where beauteous hills and vales appear ;
And fruits that grace the clustering vine,
With cooling springs and streamlets there ;
A holy land, the promis'd rest,
Where lovely landscapes smile around ;
With every gracious blessing blest,
And every blissful comfort crown'd.

2 "Stand still," my soul, and thou shalt see,
The sun and moon for thee shall stay ;
God will assist thy land to free,
If thou his counsel will obey.
No foe thy pleasure shall disturb,
Thy soil shall in abundance yield,
Each foliag'd tree, and graceful herb,
'Till all become a fruitful field.

- 3 War shall in all thy borders cease,
All enemies thou shalt destroy ;
In all thy bounds there shall be peace,
And full and pure unmingled joy.
The Lord himself shall dwell with thee,
Thy glorious shield and sure defence ;
He shall thy only Sovereign be,
And over-ruling Providence.
- 4 To him be all thy offerings made,
And all thy sacrifices given ;
Thy daily gifts of worship paid,
Until thou art transferr'd to heaven ;
There, thou shalt know as thou art known,
And all God's boundless empire see ;
And with archangels round the throne,
Gather pure immortality.
-

YOUTHFUL DEVOTION.

C. M.

- 1 WITH holy and inspiring flame,
Be all our powers impress'd ;
And the full beauties of thy name,
Engrave upon my breast.
- 2 Our Urim and our Thummim be,
Jeshurun's mighty Lord ;

Whose presence fills immensity,
And unconfined his word.

3 The sun, and each revolving sphere,
Roll round at thy command ;
Yet little children also share
The bounties of thy hand.

4 And they with extasy shall see
The grandeur of thy throne ;
And praise to all eternity,
The great Eternal One.

THE SCHOLAR'S PRAYER. P. M.

1 TELL me, O Lord, and tell me now,
If in thy goodness thou wilt show
My various sins forgiven ;
Wilt thou my heart with grace renew,
The passions of my soul subdue,
And make me fit for heaven ?

2 Though frail I am, and young in years,
Thy majesty my soul reveres,
And trembles at thy word ;
Pour on my mind a flood of light,
Reclaim my ways, and let my sight
Be perfectly restored.

3 Then let life's blooming seasons haste,
And years decline, and moments waste ;
I ask no richer store
Than Jesus' pure redeeming love,
The pledge of future joys above,
When time shall be no more.

THE S. SCHOOL'S PETITION. L. M.

1 BEHOLD, O Lord, assembled here,
Teachers and children now appear ;
We come our graces to improve,
And build each other up in love.

2 With heavenly ardour all renew,
And make us each to other true ;
And may the passing season be
Devoted cheerfully to thee.

3 The pure ethereal fire impart,
Inspire each child's and teacher's heart ;
And make our present sunday school,
Heaven's welcome blissful vestibule.

4 May all our prayers be chang'd to praise.
Our tuneful harps new anthems raise ;
Till all inspired with love divine
Shall in God's heavenly image shine.

LOVE TO GOD'S CHILDREN. L. M.

- 1 I LOVE the people of the Lord,
Whose souls are full of heavenly grace;
I love their spirit, ways and word,
And kind affectionate embrace.
 - 2 I love the sage, and aged sire,
And children are my soul's delight;
Their gifts and worship I admire,
Their inspiration and their light.
 - 3 I love with them to assemble, where
The Saviour leads his flocks to rest;
To mingle praise and holy prayer,
With those redeem'd, and lov'd, and blest.
 - 4 With them I would the cross sustain,
Their full and final triumphs share;
With them the heavenly mansions gain,
And robes and crowns forever wear.
-

THE SAINT'S REST. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a heavenly land of rest,
Where all God's faithful children meet;
Where all the wearied and oppress'd,
Freed from their toils each other greet.

- 2 There is a region full of peace,
Where nature's toils and woes are o'er;
A calm, where time's dread tempests cease,
And sighs and sorrows are no more.
- 3 The great archangel's bright abode,
Where long the ancient thrones have stood;
The holy residence of God,
And those redeem'd through Jesus' blood.
- 4 My soul most ardently aspires
Those worlds of dazzling light to see,
And with the high celestial choirs,
Chant hymns of immortality.
-

CLOSET DEVOTION.

L. M.

- 1 I LOVE the closet, where the Lord
Regards the softest, gentlest cry,
And not one lone obtrusive word,
Breaks on the silent heart-felt sigh.
- 2 I love that peaceful, calm retreat,
To all the fond of worship given;
Where souls obtain communion sweet,
Within the blissful verge of heaven.

3 'Tis happy there to bend the knee,
Where prayer is wholly chang'd to praise ;
How glorious also 'tis to see,
Of heaven's best light, the purest rays.

4 To feel the goodness of the Lord,
His kind and soul-subduing love ;
The sweet and heart-dissolving word,
Descending from the courts above.



YOUTHFUL OBEDIENCE. L. M.

1 CHILDREN their parents must obey,
This is well pleasing to the Lord ;
Their counsels follow day by day,
And God will be their great reward.

2 They shall see long and happier days,
And heav'n on them will shed its dew ;
God will direct them in his ways,
Their wealth increase, and foes subdue.

3 He greatly loves th' obedient child,
Who early seeks to love the Lord ;
And though by wicked foes revil'd,
God will his strong defence afford.

- 4 Parents and children soon shall meet,
Assembled round the Father's throne;
With blissful songs each other greet,
Where unmix'd pleasures reign alone.



THE HOLY WAY.

L. M.

- 1 THERE is a high and holy way,
For all the fond of love and peace;
No evil beasts thereon shall stray,
And every hurtful thing shall cease.
- 2 There is a path of sacred joy,
For all the ransom'd souls prepar'd;
Which no rude demons can annoy,
Or the fierce lion's footsteps tread.
- 3 A plain and unobtrusive road,
The way to heavenly glory is;
'Tis lighted from the throne of God,
And leads to everlasting bliss.
- 4 Sages and little children there,
In cheerful companies are seen;
And angels their protectors are,
Nor few, nor very far between.

- 5 And God to them a Father is,
Who guards them with a constant eye,
And has prepar'd a place of bliss,
Where holy pleasures never die.
-

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

S. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I fain would live
According to thy word;
A little child would gladly give
His heart unto the Lord.
- 2 Now in my youthful days,
I wish thy name to love;
To be directed in those ways
Which lead to joys above.
- 3 While youthful I remain,
My heavenly guardian be;
My inexperience'd heart sustain,
And help me live to thee.
- 4 Guide me that holy way,
That leads to thy right hand;
And let me in the judgment day,
With saints and angels stand.

THE SCRIPTURES.

L. M.

- 1 I LOVE the holy scriptures well,
The history which those lines unfold;
The truths which do those pages swell,
Descriptive of the times of old.
- 2 The scriptures tell us whence we came,
Of Eden, and our banishment;
Our father's sin, and guilt and shame,
Our fallen state and punishment.
- 3 They also show the mighty love,
The Father hath on us bestow'd;
Who left his splendid courts above,
To make us all the sons of God.
- 4 The Lord incarnate did appear,
In Bethlehem's lonely, humble shed;
And that the world his bliss might share,
Upon the cross he bowed his head.
- 5 For all mankind he did atone,
For all he shed a crimson flood;
Opening an access to the throne,
With his own sacrificial blood.
- 6 The scriptures faithfully portray,
The glorious gifts of holiness;
The Spirit's infinite display,
Of purifying righteousness.

- 7 They speak of future joys to come,
When years shall fail and time is o'er;
That final and eternal home,
Where death and sufferings are no more.
-

EARLY FAITH.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, assist us to believe,
Though feeble in our years;
We would on thy kind promise live,
While in this vale of tears.
- 2 Assist our faith in thee alone;
Thy saving grace afford,
O thou who didst for all atone
Thou great incarnate Lord.
- 3 Give us a clear and single eye,
Thy promis'd grace to claim;
And on thy power alone rely,
And rest on thy great name.
- 4 Though, children, we but feebly stand,
Yet we will trust thy love;
And cheerfully at thy command,
Ascend the climes above.

SUNDAY SCHOOL FELLOWSHIP. S. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, our hearts unite,
On them thy spirit move ;
Thy name upon our bosoms write,
Thy glorious name of love.
 - 2 Teachers and children join,
Cemented into one ;
And bid them each to each incline,
Moulded by love alone.
 - 3 The central Magnet thou,
Attracting all to thee ;
Thy influence on each soul bestow,
With all its purity.
 - 4 Give the heart softening shower,
The pentecostal flame ;
The melting and the moulding power,
Thy signature and name.
-

EARLY WATCHFULNESS. C. M.

- 1 How happy is that youthful breast,
That ne'er indulges guile ;
The spirit which is unimpress'd
With error's luring smile.

- 2 That watches with peculiar care,
The tempter's subtle charm;
And heavenward looks, for refuge there,
On every slight alarm.
- 3 Who fears the sinfulness of sin,
And shuns its various forms;
That guards the avenues within,
Against impending storms.
- 4 Who knows the sweets of early love,
Its thousand nameless joys;
Who carefully its charms improve,
And all its bliss employs.
- 5 Who with a cheerful soul receives,
Whate'er by grace is given;
And moves and acts, and breaths and lives,
For nothing else but heaven.
-

GRATEFUL EFFUSION.

L. M.

- 1 'THANKS to the great Almighty King
Who doth o'er me, and all men rule;
Whose power the angels love to sing,
The Sovereign of our Sunday School.

2 Let child and teacher bow the knee,
And humbly worship the Supreme ;
May all mankind his glories see,
His name their song, his love their theme.

3 Thanks to that kind regardful care,
His faithful children do receive ;
To each he gives a bounteous share,
Who in his service move and live.

4 Bless all those tender children, Lord,
Fold them most kindly on thy breast ;
Bind them with love's delightful cord,
And give them in thy courts a rest.



THE YOUTHFUL PENITENT. C. M.

1 SAVIOUR, I would, but cannot rise,
Till thou pronounce the word ;
My soul, though young, in ruin lies,
Pleading thy mercy, Lord.

2 Sinful I am, and all disease,
Blind, and I cannot see ;
A captive bound, I want release,
And pray to be set free.

- 3 Speak thou the word, and I shall rise,
O speak into my soul ;
My earnest heart with anguish cries,
" O make my spirit whole."
- 4 Wash my pollutions all away,
Cleanse me from every sin ;
Thy richest grace to me convey,
Till I am pure within.
-

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

P. M. .

- 1 COME, young people, love your Saviour,
Be entreated in his name ;
Lo ! his hands are full of favour,
Now, and evermore the same ;
Mortal life ! how brief its story,
Soon indeed it flits away ;
And this world with all its glory,
Is the bubble of a day.
- 2 Soon the opening grave will claim you,
Reptile worms devour your blood ;
Death will draw his bow and slay you,
None have yet his darts withstood.
O how kindly does the Saviour
Call you to his lov'd embrace ;
Offering you his richest favour,
If you will accept his grace.

3 See what glittering crowns are given,
Vestments glorious and divine ;
Opened are the gates of heaven,
Where eternal splendours shine ;
Angels from the heights of glory,
Hail you to their bowers of bliss ;
Holding in their hands before you,
Crowns and robes of righteousness.

4 God himself comes down to move you,
Dwells in human flesh and blood ;
And to show how much he loves you,
Pours a soul-atoning flood.
Lo ! his heart is all compassion,
Love has brought him from the skies ;
On the cross behold his passion,
Lo ! for all the world he dies.

5 Then ascending up to glory,
Opens wide the treasures there ;
And how wonderful the story,
All the world may claim a share.
O ye sons of dissipation,
Jesus bids you each receive
All the gifts of his salvation,
With a place in heaven to live.

6 Give your hearts to God forever,
And your earliest youthful love ;

Give yourself to Christ the Saviour,
And his boundless goodness prove.
O what beauteous scenes shall greet you,
Angels and archangels there ;
Child and cherub soon shall meet you,
With an everlasting cheer.

GRACE OF THE FATHERS. L. M.

1 God of all power, before thy throne
Our fathers worship'd thee alone ;
And we with them would bow our knee,
Before thy gracious Majesty.

2 To Abraham and the saints of old,
Thy promises thou didst unfold ;
In blessing thou pronounc'd them blest,
And made them partners of thy rest.

3 Now that our sires are gathered home,
Do thou their children's shield become ;
Their wants most graciously regard,
Be their " exceeding great reward."

4 As all our faithful sires have done,
May we adore the Eternal One ;
His name revere, his goodness bless,
And glory in his righteousness.

EARLY ASPIRATIONS.

C. M.

- 1 GUIDE of my soul, Eternal Lord,
Sovereign of earth and sky ;
To me thy plenteous grace afford,
And all my wants supply.
- 2 With daily bread my soul sustain,
Its vigour to renew ;
And quench my thirstiness again,
With heaven's descending dew.
- 3 Light on my path divinely shed,
Chase every shade away,
Cheer and adorn my heart and head,
With pure effulgent day.
- 4 With bright increasing radiancy,
May purer light abound ;
Till every power and passion be
With beams imperial crown'd.
- 5 Full on heaven's verge, O may I stand,
Its grandeur to behold;
The beauties of that blissful land
And cities pav'd with gold.

EARLY CHRISTIAN GRACES. C. M.

1 O FOR that faith, which soars on high,
Nor faints nor feeble is;
A single, strong, unclouded eye,
Fixed on immortal bliss.

2 Hands that unweariedly arise,
And claim as all my own
Those splendid mansions in the skies,
And the eternal throne.

3 That hope, which future bliss insures,
Cast far within the veil;
An anchor fix'd, that firm endures,
Howe'er life's storms prevail.

4 O for that boundless love of God,
In rich effusions given;
Which makes earth's dreary dark abode,
So much the mould of heaven.

5 What more can I desire than this,
What greater prize obtain,
Love, full of pure and perfect bliss,
Which changeless shall remain?

YOUTHFUL DESIRES.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, a youth would love to know,
The vast increase of love ;
Which, like the winding streams that flow,
Are deepening as they move.
- 2 Saviour, I ask all graces, thine,
All, all, thou canst bestow ;
All power, all light, all love divine,
To cheer life's passage through.
- 3 I ask to spend my days, though few,
In faith, and hope, and love ;
To prove thy promis'd goodness true,
E're I shall hence remove.
- 4 I ask a cheerful, grateful mind,
Confiding all to thee ;
Thou all compassionate and kind,
And full of purity.
- 5 Ten thousand, thousand, grateful songs
Shall all my powers employ ;
And more than this to thee belongs,
Source of eternal joy.
- 6 How heavenly is the living glow,
The spirit doth impart ;
Which God is pleased to bestow,
On every youthful heart.

- 7 Blessings so rich and daily given,
So full, and yet so free ;
Sweet consolations brought from heav'n,
To all mankind and me.
-

YOUTHFUL ANTICIPATIONS. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy precious name,
Thy glories I adore ;
Systems may fail, but thou, the same,
Remain'st forevermore.
- 2 Millions with me shall join to tell
Thy attributes and grace ;
And tuneful harps and timbrels swell,
With strains of sweetest praise.
- 3 Grace shall inspire all hearts and tongues,
And praise all souls employ ;
Till heaven, made vocal with those songs,
Shall echo back the joy.
- 4 The ransom'd of the Lord shall bring
New and eternal lays ;
And seraphs join with them to sing,
Unceasing themes of praise.

5 My soul shall mingle in the throng,
When death shall set me free ;
And swell the triumph all along,
To all eternity.

EARLY TRUST AND WORSHIP. L. M.

1 GRACIOUS, and holy Lord art thou,
Before whose throne a child would bow ;
Regard my prayers, and let me feel
All the good pleasure of thy will.

2 O may the kindlings of thy love,
Sweetly my youthful passions move ;
Tell me, O Lord, that I am thine,
And thou, and only thou art mine.

3 My heart with gratefulness shall sing,
Beneath thy outstretch'd shadowing wing ;
My harp inspir'd, sweet tunes shall raise,
In holy, happy hymns of praise.

4 Shelter'd securely by thy side,
My soul shall peacefully abide ;
And not one anxious murmuring sigh,
Within my youthful bosom lie.

5 Should ills infest, and woes prevail,
And health decline, and pleasures fail;
My heart unmov'd shall joyful be,
If God will show his love to me.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

L. M.

- 1 How beauteous are thy courts, O Lord!
The place of thy abode how fair;
Thy sanctuary, where thy word,
And all thy holy symbols are.
- 2 When God into his temple comes,
Let heav'n adore, and earth be still;
A solemn awe that place assumes,
Which Deity himself doth fill.
- 3 To those assembled in thy name,
Thy presence graciously impart;
Shed forth the pure ethereal flame,
To warm and purify each heart.
- 4 Inspire our prayers with heavenly grace,
And let them now accepted be;
Our souls, our service, time and place,
Be consecrated all to thee.

5 May the full beams of glorious light,
Break on the slumbers of the soul,
And chase away the shades of night,
And prostrate sin's entire control.

6 Regard with an attentive ear,
The mourner's meek and plaintive cry ;
In all thy pard'ning love appear,
And wipe the tear from every eye.



GROWTH IN GRACE.

L. M.

1 MAY all thy faithful people grow
Stronger in faith, and hope, and love ;
Renew each grace, and let them know
Their claim to happier scenes above.

2 Spirit of worship, peace and power,
From worlds of endless life be given ;
O make this welcome passing hour,
A holy miniature of heaven.

3 Millions within thy courts, enjoy
The full enrapturing charms of love ;
And praise extatic is the employ,
Of all the heavenly hosts above.

- 4 And while we thus in worship join,
Let grace be so profusely given;
That each, inspir'd with love divine,
May praise thee as they do in heav'n.
-

THE YOUTH'S RESOLVE. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the vigour of my days
I cheerfully present to thee;
O guide me in thy peaceful ways,
In faith, and hope, and charity.
- 2 May it be my delight to spread
My great Redeemer's glorious name;
And point to him who groan'd and bled,
And say to all, "Behold the Lamb."
- 3 To me be every special grace,
In rich and full abundance giv'n;
To cry to all the human race,
Behold the only way to heaven.
- 4 Strengthen my faith, and warm my love,
Unwearied may I ever be—
In pointing to the courts above,
And winning precious souls to thee.

YOUTHFUL DESIRES.

C. M.

- 1 FREELY, O Lord, I would bestow
My youthful days to thee;
The fulness of thy love to know,
And all thy goodness see.
 - 2 O let the light of heav'n come down,
All shadows chase away;
My soul with boundless favour crown,
And thy full power display.
 - 3 Let me rejoice in thy great name,
Thy mercies all adore;
Thy precious love to all proclaim,
Now and forevermore.
 - 4 When all life's troubled scenes are o'er,
And years and time remove;
Thy love, an unexhausted store
Shall be our theme above.
-

THE YOUTH'S SUPPLICATION. L. M.

- 1 GUARDIAN of souls, throughout my days
Inspire my heart, and keep my ways;
And let thy kindest love prevail,
Though foes unite, and friends all fail.

2 My youthful spirit, keep it blest,
From every care preserve my breast;
Strengthen my faith, my hopes improve,
And warm and purify my love.

3 By night and day where'er I be,
Be thou, my Saviour, near to me;
In health or pain, in rest or toil,
Give me thy kind approving smile.

4 When flesh and sinking nature fail,
Then let sustaining grace prevail;
Its influence constantly impart,
To melt and overflow my heart.

5 Or slowly wasting to the dust,
Be thou my firm support and trust;
Nor let death's gloomy shadows be
The slightest terror, Lord, to me.

6 In cheerful hope my eyelids close,
And give me calm and sweet repose;
My spirit from its prison free,
To reign in heaven, O Lord, with thee.



YOUTHFUL EFFUSIONS.

L.M.

1 AUTHOR of life, my heart prepare,
And grave thy name and nature there;

Thy goodness and thy holiness,
Full on my youthful soul impress.

2 Like bright'ning halos round my head,
Thy purer light and glory spread;
And while I pass through youth's defile,
Preserve my lips from speaking guile.

3 Keep me from fraud and servile fear,
From painful thought and anxious care;
My wand'ring feet direct the way,
That leads to realms of perfect day.

4 That glorious place of heavenly rest,
Where sighs ne'er heave the tranquil breast;
To meet the ransom'd of the Lord,
And share with them their great reward.



THE CHILD'S REQUEST. L. M.

1 JESUS, a little child looks up,
Whose bosom heaves with blissful hope,
The grandeur of those world to see,
Where all is love and harmony.

2 There from all toil and sorrow free,
Heaven's glorious palaces to see;
And with the minstrel choirs above,
Sing new and endless themes of love.

3 Tell me, thou Mighty and Most High,
When shall I lay me down and die?
And when shall my frail dust arise
To life immortal in the skies?

4 And when shall reckless death become
Sepulchred deep within the tomb?
And when that final victory
O'er time and "the last enemy?"



SUNDAY SCHOOL DEVOTION. L. M.

1 O THOU who died on Calvary,
A world of mortals to set free;
Who poured the all atoning blood,
To bring both sires and sons to God.

2 Amply supply our Sunday School,
Our fears disperse, our foes control;
In all our bounds thy will be done,
O thou, Most High and Holy One.

3 The spirit of thy love display,
Its powers and life to all convey;
Our prayers accept, our ways approve,
And rule us by the law of love.

4 O may the pure ethereal fire
All minds inflame, all souls inspire;
Till all our Schools its glories see,
And love, and praise, and worship thee,

YOUTH'S TRUST IN GOD. L. M.

1 WHAT though the earth is tumult all,
And wars disturb and frauds enthrall;
No gloomy shadows shall control
The calm that dwells within my soul.

2 Birds of the air that wing the sky,
Obtain from God a full supply;
And lilies in the vales that grow,
Do neither spin, nor reap, nor sow.

3 And flocks upon a thousand hills,
And fishes gliding in the rills;
God doth for each its food prepare,
And all receive his guardian care.

4 And I will trust the Lord, Most High,
Who gem'd the beauteous, starry sky;
He will my daily wants attend,
And love and keep me to the end.

5 In him I will rejoice alone,
Whose glory fills the eternal throne;
He shall my only Saviour be,
In time and in eternity.

S. S. UNION HYMN OF PRAISE. P. M.

- 1 LET infants early bring,
Hosannas to the Lord;
And little children sing
In hymns of sweet accord;
To God alone all praise belongs,
Who loves to hear those infant songs.
- 2 Let youthful voices raise,
Anthems of heavenly joy;
And with melodious praise
Their tuneful harps employ;
To God alone, all praise belongs,
Who loves to hear those youthful songs,
- 3 Let men and fathers join,
To sing the Saviour's love;
And each their songs combine,
And richest numbers move;
To God alone all praise belongs,
Who loves to hear the fathers' songs.

4 Let infants, youths, and sires,
In union all agree ;
To wake their tuneful lyres,
And hymn the Deity ;
For God delights to hear his praise,
Which babes, and youths, and fathers raise,

5 Let all the angel choir,
With all on earth combine ;
And raise the rapture higher,
Where endless glories shine ;
And God will love to hear his praise,
Which ransom'd saints and angels raise,



TEACHERS AND CHILDREN. C. M.

1 INSPIRED with love to all mankind,
We spread our hands to thee
And lo ! we meet this day to find,
Thy boundless goodness free.

2 O let the pentecostal shower,
To all our schools be given ;
The stream of love, the spirit's power,
To mould each soul for heaven.

3 Join we to worship and to sing,
Tuning our youthful lyre;
Nor suffer, Lord, one jarring string,
To interrupt our choir.

4 Happy we are while thus we meet,
And round thine altar bow;
Our fellowship is full and sweet,
Our pleasures overflow.



TEACHER'S REQUEST. L. M.

1 Our heavenly Father, holy Sire,
Each bosom with thy grace inspire;
Take thou our offspring to thy breast,
And give them there a place of rest.

2 May heaven's refreshing, spreading dew,
Each soul revive, each mind renew;
Let child and teacher each possess,
The comfort of thy righteousness.

3 O may thy special gifts abound,
Like manna scattered all around:
Give to each youth a full supply
Of those blest favours from on high.

4 O make a record of each name,
In the fair volume of the Lamb ;
And when the slumbering nations rise,
Give us a mansion in the skies.

THE HAPPY SCHOOL.

S. M.

1 How happy is the place,
The Sunday School's retreat ;
Where Jesus sheds peculiar grace,
And youths their teachers meet.

2 How pleasant 'tis to see
The child and teacher join ;
Forming a cheerful company,
And offering praise divine.

3 How happy 'tis to hear
Their blissful songs of praise ;
When all within the school appear
Inspired with heavenly grace.

4 Happy indeed the state,
'Tis glory's vestibule ;
The house of God, and heaven's gate,
A happy Sunday School.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

P. M.

1 LORD, to thee, our heavenly King,
Sweet hosannas we will sing;
Let the full harmonious choir,
Swell the minstrel and the lyre.

2 Sing of Jesus' love and power,
Who for all the cross he bore;
Died our evils to remove,
Lives to raise our souls above.

3 Joyful let our anthems be,
Full of perfect harmony;
Sing we all with sweet accord,
Praises to our sovereign Lord.

4 Jesus, thou our constant joy,
Shall our happiest songs employ;
Praise supreme to thee be given,
Now on earth and soon in heaven.

5 Sing we with the shining host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
Three in one, and one in three,
Praises to eternity.

C

GOD'S REGARD FOR CHILDREN. L. M.

- 1 ALL things within the bounds of space,
Thy power and wisdom do proclaim;
Yet we behold in thy rich grace,
The brighter glories of thy name,
 - 2 The earth and starry skies are thine,
The orbs and each revolving sphere;
At thy supreme command they shine,
And all thy mighty works declare.
 - 3 The midnight shade, the noontide ray,
Darkness and light make known thy skill;
Millions of living forms display
The boundless goodness of thy will.
 - 4 And little children may draw near,
With cherubim before the throne;
And thou each claim will deign to hear,
And each with special favours crown,
-

DESIRES OF A CHILD.

L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, a little child desires
The riches of thy grace to claim;
To holiness and heaven aspires,
Through Jesus' all atoning name.

- 2 Though young, the Lord my heart can bless,
And all my weight of sin remove ;
Can stamp on me his holiness,
And fill me with redeeming love.
- 3 The Lord my spirit can inspire,
The witness of his grace reveal ;
Can kindle up the sacred fire,
Which ancient prophets once did feel.
- 4 Thou art unchangeably the same,
Thy power O Lord doth never fail ;
And still the virtue of thy name,
Shall over every foe prevail.
- 5 The infant, youth, and aged sire
Shall sing hosannas, Lord, to thee ;
Thy grace shall every soul inspire,
In time and in eternity.
-

THE CHILD'S INTERCESSION. L. M.

- 1 GUIDE me, my Saviour, guide me still,
May love my every power engage ;
Assist me to obey thy will,
From early youth to sere old age.

2 Whate'er my hand shall find to do,
That duty may I well sustain;
My soul with holiness renew,
And let me now be born again.

3 Let me be justified by grace,
With God enjoy abundant peace;
O make my heart thy dwelling place,
My love continually increase.

4 The sins of early youth remove,
And sanctify my powers to thee;
Grant me thy spirit from above,
With all its warmth and purity.

5 O build me up in holiness,
And make my youthful spirit pure;
My prayers inspire, my worship bless,
My gifts and virtues all mature.



FOR TEACHERS.

L. M.

1 JESUS, we meet in thy great name,
Do thou our guide and wisdom be;
Our trembling hearts with love inflame,
And sanctify our schools to thee.

- 2 Each teacher graciously endow,
Anoint them for the sacred charge;
Thy goodness to our children show,
Our graces and our joys enlarge.
- 3 Bound by the cords of heavenly love,
Teachers and children all agree;
In friendship's blissful paths to move,
And learn to love and worship thee.
- 4 With cheerful songs, we hope to meet
Those youthful circles in the skies;
And there our Lord and Saviour greet,
Where holy pleasure never dies.
-

EARLY DEVOTION.

C. M.

- 1 OF all life's charms there's none to me,
Which all my passions move,
So rich, so pure, from ills so free,
As Jesus' dying love.
- 2 Early, my Lord, will I admire
Those beauties of thy grace;
And kindling with the sacred fire,
Hosannas, sweetest, raise.

3 O sanctify my youthful heart,
Cleanse it and make it clean ;
The spirit of thy love impart,
And make me pure within.

4 Eternal Lord, reside alone,
In this full soul of mine ;
Establish there thy gracious throne,
With all its light divine.

5 O make me able to sustain,
Thy full inspiring power ;
Lead me to Eden's bowers again,
To be expell'd no more.



EARLY ASPIRATIONS.

S. M.

1 I WOULD be born again,
Though youthful are my days ;
I would that heavenly change obtain,
The gospel scheme displays.

2 I would the witness feel
The spirit doth impart ;
And may it freely now reveal
Redemption to my heart.

3 I would be wholly, Lord,
Devoted unto thee ;
In mind, in practice, thought and word,
From all pollutions free.

4 To bear with thee the cross,
For thee to live and die ;
To count all earthly pleasures loss,
For crowns above the sky.

5 May glory be my theme,
The hope of heaven my joy ;
And love with all its bliss supreme,
My sweetest songs employ.



EARLY PIETY DESIRED.

S. M.

1 O FOR the Spirit's power,
The sweet effusion given ;
The gracious pentecostal shower,
Descending fresh from heaven.

2 O for that heavenly light,
All darkness to remove ;
To bring those objects to my sight,
Which I so dearly love.

3 O for converting grace,
Shed in my soul abroad ;
Those pleasures of my earlier days,
When first I knew the Lord.

4 O for the love of God,
In rich profusion given ;
Which makes my heart the blest abode,
Of Him who rules in heaven.

5 O for that perfect peace,
That sanctifying power ;
That shall eternally increase,
When time shall be no more.



EARLY CONFIDENCE.

C. M.

1 LORD, canst thou not convert a child,
And fill his soul with love ?
And then preserve him undefil'd,
Moulded for realms above ?

2 Surely, thou canst, I do believe,
All power belongs to thee ;
Speak but the word, my soul shall live,
From sin forever free.

- 3 Thy kingdom come—thy will be done ;
Wash all my sins away ;
Illume me from thy heavenly throne,
“Shine to the perfect day.”
- 4 I love the Lord, I love his name,
I love his power and grace ;
But O increase love’s holy flame,
Let all be lost in praise.
- 5 For thee I would most gladly spend
My few remaining years ;
Then to those blissful worlds ascend,
Far from this vale of tears.
-

FOR HOLINESS.

P. M.

- 1 O FOR that purer light,
The cloudless noon-tide ray ;
Sheding effulgence bright,
Upon the heavenly way ;
The beam undim’d, unsullied given,
From God’s eternal throne in heaven.
- 2 O for that burning fire,
That soul-refining flame ;
Our spirits to inspire,
Through Jesus’ hallow’d name ;
That full and sweet communion given,
The mould and signature of heaven.

3 O for that heavenly mind,
Adorn'd with purity ;
With every grace refin'd,
The abode of Deity ;
Of holiness the beauties given,
The best and brightest choice of heaven.

FOR ASSURANCE.

L. M.

1 GRANT me, O Lord, thy righteousness,
My soul inspire, my spirit bless ;
The fulness of thy love increase,
And form in me a heaven of peace.

2 Saviour, preserve me faithful still,
To do and suffer all thy will ;
Each hour thy welcome blessing give,
And help me on thy word to live.

3 Let all my invocations meet,
Around the glorious mercy seat ;
That holy place, the throne of God,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood.

4 Jesus, do thou my gifts prepare,
And see them all presented there ;
Then sweetly to my heart convey,
The pledge that sin is wash'd away.

PATERNAL REGARD.

L. M.

- 1 God, with a kind paternal care,
Accepts me as his child and heir;
Himself inscribes my humble name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.
- 2 And gives me through redeeming love,
A right to all the scenes above,
Full of unblemished purity,
And life and immortality.
- 3 Jesus, my Lord, I ask no more,
No purer joys, no richer store;
To be esteemed and lov'd by thee,
Is more than worlds on worlds to me.
- 4 O'erflows my heart in view of this,
Such heavenly hopes, such holy bliss;
A kind and full assurance given,
That God will take my soul to heaven.
-

GRATITUDE.

P. M.

- 1 THANKS to the goodness of the Lord,
Who, ever faithful to his word,
Looks kindly from the skies;
And shelters my defenceless head,
And portions out my daily bread,
In bountiful supplies.

2 While yet on the maternal breast,
E'er yet I knew the hand that blest,
Or dangers I could see;
Through every winding maze of life,
'Midst luring charms and threatening strife,
The Lord regarded me.

3 Subject to his paternal care,
Ten thousand thousand blessings were
In all my pathway strewed ;
At opening morn and evening shade,
In every various form displayed,
Those favours were renew'd.

4 Thanks to that goodness which remains.
Unchanged still, and firm sustains
A feeble, trembling one ;
For all my wants so well provides,
And with much gentleness he guides,
My footsteps to his throne.

5 Still keep me, Lord, as years decline,
And make me more devoutly thine,
Long as on earth I stay ;
And in the heaven of heavens, prepare
A crown of life, and mansion there,
That never shall decay.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH. L. M.

- 1 LORD, we are met in thy great name,
To consecrate this house to thee;
Our meeting bless, our souls inflame,
And let our prayers accepted be.
- 2 Make this thy holy dwelling place,
Display thy power and goodness here;
And let the beauties of thy grace,
Within thy residence appear.
- 3 Here may the pentecostal power,
Like flaming tongues descend from thee;
Shed on each soul the spirit's shower,
'Till all thy great salvation see.
- 4 Radiant from the effulgent skies,
May light in purest beams be given;
Until the promis'd seed shall rise,
More numerous than the stars of heaven.
- 5 The first fruits of redeeming love,
Bestow through Jesus' holy name;
The spirit's influence from above,
With sacred purifying flame.
- 6 Sanction thy word of heavenly grace,
Nor let the builders build in vain;
With glory fill thy dwelling place,
To shine undim'd while years remain.

DESIRING LARGER PRIVILEGE. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a heavenly power above,
Its grace to all mankind is free;
And streams of pure celestial love,
Are furnish'd by the Deity.
- 2 O thou eternal majesty!
Wholly divest our souls of guile;
And let our peaceful spirits be
Transfus'd with thy paternal smile.
- 3 O let our love be warm and pure,
From all dissimulation free;
Childlike, and cheerful, and mature,
And full of goodness and of thee.
- 4 Father, pronounce our souls forgiven,
Cleanse our defilements all away;
Give us a constant pledge of heaven,
An earnest of eternal day.
- 5 Let no dark shadow gloom our skies,
Nor dim the glorious light of day;
'Till suns, succeeding suns, arise,
And shades and clouds be done away.
- 6 Let us behold our future home,
Those glorious mansions of the blest;
'Till Jesus bid us rise and come,
And enter his eternal rest.

7 There with the heavenly choral hosts,
The grandeur of that kingdom see;
And Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Adore to all eternity.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

L. M.

1 LOVE has a thousand beauteous forms,
Design'd to cheer poor fallen worms;
'Tis heaven's best, brightest gift bestow'd,
To bring a helpless world to God.

2 Essence Divine! the pearl of heav'n,
By God himself so freely given;
O may it be my constant boast,
And all beside esteem'd as lost.

3 Love yields the grateful flowing tear,
It liberates the mind from fear;
And spreads o'er fallen man's abode,
The glory and the light of God.

4 The love of God, when shed most free,
Is full of bliss and purity;
'Tis heaven—the shining throne above,—
'Tis God himself—for God is love.

5 Be this my motto, theme and song,
Love the most kind that suffereth long;
That sweetly over all prevails,
And never, never, never fails.

6 In my fond heart whate'er betide,
May faith, and hope, and love abide;
Be these engraven on my breast,
But love prevailing o'er the rest.



OUR HIGH PRIEST.

P. M.

1 GREAT High Priest of our profession,
Thou who died on Calvary;
Sin and every vile transgression,
Far remove away from me;
And the holiest of holies,
Let me enter, Lord, with thee.

2 Plead for me thy gracious merit,
Place it all before the throne;
Cleanse me with thy Holy Spirit,
O thou glorious, Holy One!
Then forever
Let thy holy will be done.

3 Be it, Lord, thy greatest pleasure
To irradiate my mind ;
Then in full and perfect measure,
All thy goodness I shall find ;
And thy blessings
Flowing plenteously and kind.

4 Joys succeeding, joys unceasing,
Shall in rich effusions flow ;
Beams of heavenly light increasing,
Shall with pure effulgence glow,
And communion
We shall more supremely know.

5 Saviour, all my powers inspire,
Give the heart dissolving stream ;
Fill my soul with holy fire,
And the true ethereal beam,
Unobstructed,
Shed on me, thou great Supreme.



THE SABBATH.

L. M.

1 I LOVE a holy Sabbath day,
When I can rest, and read, and pray ;
This day above all others given,
And hallow'd as a type of heaven.

2 I love to feel that living fire,
Which did the ancient church inspire;
When first the risen Lord did bless
His chosen few with righteousness.

3 That burning pentecostal flame,
Shed forth through the Redeemer's name;
The mighty wind sent from above,
The shower of Jesus' promis'd love.

4 Such Sabbaths! how supremely blest,
What days of bliss and sacred rest!
On these glad days how much is given,
That makes them to resemble heaven.



HEAVENLY PROSPECTS.

P. M.

1 O! THERE is a calm and glory,
Sweetly spreading o'er my mind;
Heaven appears but just before me,
For the wearied soul design'd.

2 'Tis a world of holy pleasure,
'Tis a heavenly, bright abode;
Bliss that far surpasseth measure,
In the paradise of God.

- 3 Calm it is, and full of glory,
Thy blest residence, my soul;
And thy Lord will soon restore thee,
Far from time and death's control.
-

DEVOTIONAL EFFUSIONS. C. M.

- 1 WHAT bliss ineffable is found,
When cleans'd from every sin;
What calmness girds the soul around,
What heavenly peace within.
- 2 'Tis paradise again restor'd,
Where all the graces move;
'Tis heaven re-opened by the Lord,
Through Jesus' dying love.
- 3 'Tis God his residence resumes,
With all his power and grace;
And man's immortal soul becomes
His Maker's dwelling place.
- 4 Saviour, reside within my breast,
Make it thy lov'd abode;
Thy glorious and eternal rest,
Full of the love of God.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

L. M.

PART FIRST.

- 1 Go forth, ye faithful heralds, go,
Your mission to the world fulfil;
Glad tidings to all nations show,
With peace on earth, from heaven good will.
- 2 Go, ye bless'd messengers of light,
Boldly the love of God proclaim;
Illumine the dark profound of night,
Through Jesus' great and powerful name.
- 3 Point to the cross, the rugged tree,
Where Christ for all men did atone;
Bid the whole world that pathway see,
Leading from Calvary to the throne.
- 4 Say to the blind your sight receive,
And bid the lame his crutch forego;
The captives from their bonds relieve,
And let them their Deliverer know.

PART SECOND.

L. M.

- 1 Go, ye ambassadors of God,
His message to the earth convey;
Your Saviour's triumphs spread abroad,
And lo! he's with you day by day.
 - 2 The cross most cheerfully sustain,
And all God's promises regard;
And Jesus soon will come again,
With recompense of great reward.
 - 3 With crowns more radiant than the sun,
God will e'er long pronounce you blest,
And all heaven's host shall say "well done,
Enter your great eternal rest."
 - 4 Go, then, ye faithful servants, go,
The Saviour's glories all display;
To all the world those splendours show,
And point them to eternal day.
-

HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

L. M.

- 1 TEN thousand, thousand thanks belong,
And these most cheerfully I'll pay,
To Him who is by night my song,
And guardian through the toilsome day.

- 2 How kindly hath his mercy kept
All that for which I oft did pray ;
His power sustained me while I slept,
Till the bright opening, rising day.
- 3 My soul doth magnify the Lord,
My feeble tongue is filled with praise ;
I lean with pleasure on his word,
And triumph in his boundless grace.
- 4 In each revolving passing hour,
He gives me fresh and rich supplies ;
And oft I do receive his power
Whose throne is far above the skies.

PRAISE.

L. M.

- 1 My soul sits cheerfully beneath
Those free and full effusions given,—
And praise with each respiring breath,
Attends my sacrifice to heaven.
- 2 Long has he blest me with this love,
Long has he furnished me supplies ;
And now those favours from above,
Are daily tendered from the skies.
- 3 Yea, more than daily, do I find
My eyes bedew'd with grateful tears,
And melting love inspires my mind,
Whene'er the proffered grace appears.

4 My cup with blessings runneth o'er,
And sacred comforts doth impart;
And God doth in abundance, pour
A flood of glory round my heart.

5 Jesus, thy holy blessed word,
To all thy faithful sons apply,
"First seek the kingdom of your Lord,
And all good things I will supply."

6 Indulge no anxious thoughts or care,
Your wants are all to Jesus known;
His mercy will regard your prayer,
His goodness all your wishes crown.

CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE. L. M.

1 THE graceful lilies of the field,
Do neither spin, nor reap, nor sow,
Yet royal splendours cannot yield
The beauties those small flowers show.

2 The birds that daily wing the air,
The lark which mounts the morning sky,
The beasts reposing in their lair,
To each he gives a full supply.

3 And thou, my soul, of little faith,
Thy hairs are numbered, though so small,
And God unto his angels saith,
"Attend him, lest he chance to fall."

- 4 Could I all human souls combine,
Those souls I would present my Lord;
And angels at the sight should join
Their minstrel choir in sweet accord.
- 5 My heart abounds with grateful songs,
And overflows with streams of love;
To God alone all praise belongs,
By all below and all above.
- 6 Glory to God! all souls shall cheer;
From shore to shore, from pole to pole,
From orb to orb, from sphere to sphere,
Shall glory unobstructed roll.
-

DIVINE GOODNESS.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, to me thy grace impart,
To lighten and to cheer my heart;
My soul to purify, and bless
With goodness, power and righteousness.
- 2 Fulfil in me thy faithful word,
To thee be all my powers restored;
Call me into the mount with thee,
There to behold thy majesty.

3 Thy special gift let me receive,
On thee alone to look and live ;
Thy goodness to my soul convey,
And far remove my sins away.

4 Goodness and love, and power with thee,
Are boundless as immensity ;
And all thy attributes combine
To form those graces more divine.

5 The goodness of thy heavenly mind,
Is all long-suffering and kind ;
Like streams it over all shall glide,
A free and full, and welcome tide.

6 Radiant within this soul of mine,
O may those bright perfections shine ;
In goodness, love and purity,
Let me, O Lord, resemble thee.

SOURCE OF BLISS.

L. M.

1 NOTHING exceeds the holy bliss,
When God is mine and I am his ;
To hold sweet intercourse above,
With the Eternal Source of love.

2 Saviour, 'tis heaven ! I ask no more,
Thy love to feel, its life and power ;
To be inspired and full of thee,
The only source of purity.

3 My heart and powers with sweet accord
Shall praise the goodness of the Lord,
And holy sacrifices give
To Him in whom I move and live.

4 And all within me, Lord, shall bless
Thy power and spotless holiness;
And grateful offerings day by day,
Shall cheer each passing hour away.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L. M.

1 My feet thy beauteous courts shall tread,
Where grace is more profusely shed;
And filled with holy extacy,
Adore the unseen Deity.

2 Silent with awe I tread that place,
And trembling, bow before thy face;
O'erwhelmed with that inspiring love
That issues from the throne above,

3 What sweet and pure devotion there,
The flowing, melting, grateful tear;
The word of life, like manna given,
The bread that cometh down from heaven.

4 Henceforth may I this bread receive,
And feed thereon and ever live;
And all its rich abundance know,
Equal to all my wants below.

5 While here upon the earth I stay,
Grant me its fulness day by day;
'Till all renewed I rise to thee,
To dwell in immortality.

THANKSGIVING HYMN. L. M.

PART FIRST.

1 LORD, we are met thy name to praise,
Our thanks to give, our songs to raise;
Thy power and goodness to adore,
Which guards our peaceful country o'er.

2 The Lord hath bidden wars to cease,
And granted to our borders peace;
Each hill and vale, and grove and field,
Ten thousand, thousand blessings yield.

3 In flocks and herds our lands abound,
And plenty every where is found;
And flowing brooks and mountain rills,
Wind murmuring midst the vales and hills.

4 The flowery meads adorned with green,
And groves in lovely foliage seen;
And landscapes blooming every where,
Display our heavenly Father's care.

PART SECOND.

L. M.

1 Midst springs and streams in every ground,
And plains and hills with verdure crowned,
Do peaceful families repair
To build them habitations there.

2 They sow their fields and plant their corn,
Orchards and vines their glebes adorn ;
And birds that wing upon the breeze,
Sing midst the boughs of fruitful trees.

3 Our vigorous sons and daughters fair,
Like olive trees around us are ;
Our various pleasures to divide,
Which strew life's path from side to side.

4 Happy are those in such a case,
Whose souls abound with every grace ;
Immortal joys in heaven are stored,
For those whose Saviour is the Lord.



HUMILIATION AND FASTING. L. M.

1 SAVIOUR, we would observe this day,
And humbly fast, and meekly pray ;
Bewailing deeply every sin
And our polluted state within,

2 Our inward souls do thou inspire,
As from the world we thus retire;
And while we at thy footstool bow,
Thy love to humbled sinners show,

3 We seek that silent, calm retreat,
Where we expect our Lord to meet;
All earthly thoughts put far away,
While we shall fast and watch and pray.

4 Forgive us, Lord, our every sin,
And wash and make us pure within;
Our souls transform, and let us be
Renew'd and perfected in thee.

5 More and more holy make us, Lord,
And sanctify us by thy word;
Perfect our souls with thy pure grace,
And make us each thy dwelling place.

PRAYER.

L. M.

1 ETERNAL Lord, our spirits bless,
O'erflow our hearts with righteousness;
Preserve us blameless all our days,
In all our thoughts and words and ways.

2 The Spirit's unction let us feel,
With knowledge temper all our zeal;
And when our enemies appear,
Set up thy truth a standard there.

3 O may our future years improve,
Strengthen our faith, and warm our love;
Our hopes revive, our grace mature,
And keep us, to thy coming, pure.

4 O may our lives to all appear
How holy, just, and good we are;
In every thought, and act, and word,
Let us sustain thy image, Lord.

5 Assist us to possess thy mind,
Courteous to all, and chaste, and kind—
Calm and unmov'd, and pleas'd alone,
That God's most holy will be done.

6 May we the cross with joy sustain,
Well pleas'd alike with ease or pain—
Cheerful, whatever ills we bear,
If we at last the triumphs share.

FOR A REVIVAL.

L. M.

1 SAVIOUR, we would revere thy name,
Thy cause regard, thy truth proclaim,—
Our course fulfil in thy employ,
And all thy perfect love enjoy.

2 No pompous forms do we display,
Nor seek wrong motives to convey;
May all our words and actions join'd,
Form a true index to the mind.

3 Jesus, do thou the hungry feed,
Be to the poor a friend indeed ;
Restore the deaf, and let them hear
The voice of their Redeemer near.

4 The feeble ones with kindness raise,
Inspire the dumb to sing thy praise ;
Comfort the mourners, great and small,
And break the bread of life to all.

5 Open the blinded eyes to see
Sin's fearful depth of misery ;
The leprous cleanse, and break the bands
That bind the captive prisoners' hands.

6 Speak but the word, and bid the dust
Restore those forms it holds in trust ;
And let the slumbering dead resume
New life in undecaying bloom.

7 All souls renew, all hearts inspire,
Kindle again the ancient fire ;
Thy kingdom come, and let us be
Its subjects to eternity.

PARAPHRASE ON THE 149th PSALM. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! my soul, sing praise,
A new and joyful anthem raise ;
Where congregated saints appear,
Sing hymns of sweetest praises there.

Let Israel in the Lord rejoice,
And to his Maker lift his voice ;
May all the sons of Zion be
Made joyful in the Deity.

Praise ye the Lord ! his holy name
Is, was, and shall remain the same,—
With timbrel and with harp, advance
His praise amidst the sacred dance.

The Lord takes pleasure in his saints,
His ear attends to their complaints ;
The meek and lowly he doth bless,
And beautify with holiness.

Where'er his glory is display'd,
Let all his ransom'd saints be glad ;
'Till life's last evening shades appear,
Then nobler songs of praise prepare.

THE SUNDAY MORNING'S SCHOOL. L. M.

1 SEE how the joyful morning comes,
More fragrant than the best perfumes ;
A sweet ethereal calm obtains,
O'er fields and floods, and hills and plains.

2 Welcome the Sunday School's retreat,
Where teachers their lov'd circles meet ;
How cheerful do the hours pass by,
Training those youths for worlds on high.

3 Hail the blest hour ! most blissful given,
The brightest, happiest choice of heaven ;
Where angels do employment find,
Moulding for God the youthful mind.

4 Most gladly do my footsteps stray,
Where sounds the soft and infant lay ;
To see the human face divine,
With heaven's best inspiration shine.

5 Can there be found mid'st cherub choirs,
More sweet and soul enrapturing lyres ?
So pure, so innocent and great ?
'Tis glory all, "'tis heaven's gate."

EARLY INQUIRY AND TRUST. L. M.

- 1 CANNOT the Lord convert and bless
A little child with righteousness?
And daily from the courts above,
Supply my youthful soul with love?
- 2 He that once said "let there be light,"
Can far remove the shades of night;
God, who, from nought did all things form,
Can change and bless a feeble worm.
- 3 My youthful soul shall trust his grace,
To him devote my length of days;
And early wait around his throne,
To worship Him as God alone.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of his wing,
I'll sit, and pray, and love, and sing,
From early youth to ripen'd age,
This, this, shall all my powers engage.
-

S. SCHOOL HYMN OF PRAISE.

TUNE—"God of Abraham."

PART FIRST.

P. M.

- 1 TEN thousand blessings, Lord,
Our grateful souls inspire,
And join we now in sweet accord,
To tune each lyre;

We love to chant thy name,
Thy power and grace adore ;
Thine everlasting truth proclaim
Forevermore.

2 Thy name is all our boast,
Our heart inspiring theme ;
And all things here we count but lost
For God supreme ;
To him all praise be given,
Who reigns above the sky,
Whose power extends o'er earth and heaven,
The Lord Most High.

PART SECOND.

P. M.

1 Let babes and sucklings bring
Their offerings to the Lord,
And infant voices gladly sing
Th' incarnate word ;
O would he now reveal
His kingdom from above ;
And may each youthful bosom feel
Their Saviour's love.

2 May God, the great, the high,
Whose power creation rules ;
Illume with glories from the sky,
Our Sunday Schools ;

Soon we shall see his face,
And sing around his throne;
Eternally engag'd in praise
To God alone.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION. L. M.

- 1 LORD, while we now approach to thee,
The Spirit of thy love reveal;
Let each their full redemption see,
And all thy inspiration feel.
- 2 May heavenly beams o'er us be shed,
Nor let one shade of night remain;
Thy holy vestments o'er us spread,
And let our souls be born again.
- 3 Changed by thy power from sin we rise,
Leaving all earthly things behind;
Walk the bright pathway to the skies,
And pure undying pleasure find.
- 4 Heavenward our panting souls aspire,
And groan from earth to be set free;
Our hearts contain an unquenched fire,
Kindling for immortality.

ASPIRING TO IMMORTALITY.

S. M.

- 1 My youthful soul inspire,
Incline it Lord to thee;
Kindle in me a pure desire
For immortality.
- 2 I thirst, I long for grace,
From sin to be set free;
To see my Saviour, face to face,
In immortality.
- 3 O how I pant to prove
Thy perfect purity;
All lost and swallow'd up in love
And immortality.
- 4 When shall life's sun retire,
From clouds and shadows free;
And my triumphant soul mount higher
To immortality.
- 5 When shall I join that choir,
Heaven's cherub minstrelsy;
And wake and tune my deathless lyre,
In immortality.
- 6 My soul expands with hope;
I shall that moment see;
When God will call my spirit up
To immortality.

MORNING HYMN.

S. M.

- 1 EARLY will I arise,
My grateful thanks to bring;
And in my morning sacrifice,
Anthems of praises sing.
- 2 The opening dawn of day,
Scatters the shades of night;
The mist and shadows flee away,
Before the morning light.
- 3 I laid me down to sleep,
How calm and sweet my rest;
And God himself did kindly keep,
All sorrow from my breast.
- 4 The first fruits of the day,
I render to the Lord;
And humbly bow my knees to pray,
Trusting in Jesus' word.
- 5 This day I would improve,
And my best offerings raise,
And filled with my Redeemer's love,
Sing grateful hymns of praise.

YOUTHFUL DEVOTION.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my every grace renew,
Abundant strength to me afford ;
My passions graciously subdue,
That I may wholly love the Lord.
 - 2 It is my youthful heart's desire,
More fully to abound in love ;
Enjoy the pure celestial fire,
Descending from the realms above.
 - 3 Early I would devote to thee
The vigour of my youthful days ;
Thy great and full salvation see,
And spend my life in wisdom's ways.
 - 4 I want, when from this earth I fly,
To find a calm, eternal rest ;
And in those glorious realms on high,
Recline on my Redeemer's breast.
-

A PRAYER FOR YOUTH.

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a cheerful, humble mind,
Content and full of love—
In which the graces are enshrined,
Brought from the courts above.

- 2 Where clouds and shadows flee away,
Before the heavenly light ;
And beams of pure celestial day,
Dispel the shades of night.
- 3 Happy the soul that loves the Lord,
And on his truth relies ;
He shall obtain a great reward,
Prepared above the skies.
- 4 To him who well sustains the cross,
Shall glorious crowns be given ;
And in exchange for grief and loss,
Mansions of bliss in heaven.
-

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

L. M.

- 1 How happy is the sacred place,
Where two or three assembled are ;
Where God communicates his grace,
And meets his faithful people there.
- 2 The place of worship and of prayer,
The sanctuary of the Lord ;
Where all the holy symbols are,
The faithful promises and word.
- 3 Reposing each beneath his vine,
How sweetly pass the hours away ;
To heaven our hearts and hopes incline,
A prelude to the realms of day.

- 4 The melting shower, the falling tear,
The heaving breast, the heart-felt sigh;
The full desire, the filial fear,
All indicate that God is nigh.
- 5 The Lord is in his temple still—
Let earth be calm, and heaven adore;
He comes his peoples' hearts to fill,
With love's divine exhaustless store.
- 6 He comes with pledges to assure
His saints of their eternal rest;
Their hearts to warm, their love mature,
And stamp his image on each breast.
-

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY. S. M.

- 1 MOSES, did fear the Lord,
While yet a little child;
Did tremble at his sacred word,—
Was holy meek and mild.
- 2 Samuel, while very young,
Did in the temple lay;
And early was his little tongue
Directed how to pray
- 3 Young David, took the field,
Against a giant foe;

And made the great Goliah yield,
And laid his triumphs low.

4 And many prophets, too,
Did youthful grace display ;
The power, and love of God they knew,
And early learn'd to pray.

5 O that a child like me,
May claim the promis'd word ;
And with my great forefathers see
Thy full salvation, Lord.

6 With them the cross sustain,
Their toils and sufferings bear ;
Their virtues and their joys obtain,
Their crowns and triumphs share.

YOUNG TIMOTHY.

C. M.

1 Young Timothy was early taught
To read the sacred word ;
And in his youth he humbly sought
The favour of the Lord.

2 How excellent his virtues were,
How full his heart of love ;
And he obtained abundant share
Of graces from above.

3 Call'd in the vineyard of the Lord,
How faithfully he stood;
And preach'd the pure, Eternal Word,
Through his Redeemer's blood.

4 And still a pattern he remains
To all believers known;
And such as all his grace obtains,
Shall share with him a crown.

THE LATTER DAYS.

L. M.

1 THESE are the days that were foretold
By many of the seers of old;
In which they did prophetic see
The church in full prosperity.

2 The blissful times when joyful praise,
The isles and continents shall raise;
And sweet harmonious accents roll
From sea to sea, and pole to pole.

3 When distant tribes, the sons of God,
Redeem'd through the atoning blood,
Shall undisturb'd by fears or foes,
Beneath their own lov'd vines repose.

4 These are the days when purer fires,
Kindle upon both sons and sires;
And heaven shall echo back the songs,
Sweetly expressed by infant tongues.

5 How happy are the eyes that see
These days of pure felicity ;
The light, the glory and the power,
That spreads o'er earth from shore to shore.

6 With twice ten thousand blessings crown'd,
Are those who hear the joyful sound ;
From every vile oppression free,
They sing the welcome jubilee.

THE YOUTH'S PRAYER.

L. M.

1 LORD, I am young,—thy help I need,
For various foes infest my way ;
Be thou to me a friend indeed,
Nor let me from thy precepts stray.

2 From wayward paths my feet restore,
And keep my tongue from speaking guile ;
And O preserve me evermore
From sin's seducing, luring smile.

3 My youthful heart with grace inspire,
To thee my every power incline ;
And may the pure celestial fire,
Within my bosom ever shine.

4 The earlier portion of my days,
To thee and thee alone be given ;
Increase my love, approve my ways,
And guide me safely into heaven.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

L. M.

- 1 OUR Father, thou, the living God,
Who art in heaven, thy dwelling place;
Thy name be hallow'd and adored
By all the tribes of Adam's race.
- 2 Thy kingdom which is now begun,
To every trembling soul be given;
Thy will in all the earth be done,
As it is always done in heaven.
- 3 While in these sterile lands we live,
On us our daily bread bestow;
And all our trespasses forgive,
As we the same to others show.
- 4 Lead us not into trials, which
Thy feeble servants cannot bear;
But prompt deliverance send to each,
As threat'ning evils do appear.
- 5 Thine is the kingdom and the power,
"God over all of truth and grace;"
Thy righteousness upon us shower,
Make every soul thy dwelling place.
- 6 The glory also shall be thine,
Thee only shall our hearts adore;
And in th' eternal realms divine,
We'll hymn thy praises evermore.

THY KINGDOM COME.

S. M.

- 1 JESUS ! thy kingdom come,
Thy holy will be done ;
Thy mediatorial power assume,
Thou great and Holy One.
- 2 Rule thou o'er all the earth,
As thou dost rule in heaven ;
Give to all tribes and people birth ;
Speak all mankind forgiven.
- 3 Awake with mighty power,
Jehovah's arm, awake ;
Thy spirit on the nations pour,
Make earth and heaven shake.
- 4 Bring in thy kingdom now,
Which never shall remove ;
Then as we need, on all bestow
Thy mercy, truth, and love.

THY WILL BE DONE.

L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! with earnest, humble prayer,
My soul approaches near thy throne ;
To all my wants incline thine ear,
And let thy holy will be done.
- 2 I would from every sin depart,
By faith on thee depend alone ;

Shed thy kind influence on my heart
And in me let thy will be done.

3 With holiness renew my mind,
O thou who didst for all atone;
Bid me complete redemption find—
Thy gracious will in me be done.

4 I thirst, I hunger, Lord, for thee,
Perfect the work thou hast begun;
Thy promises confirm to me,
And let me know thy will is done.

EARLY GRATITUDE.

L. M.

1 THANKS to the Lord, whose boundless grace,
Has made my heart his dwelling place;
Who doth delight my soul to bless,
With all the charms of holiness.

2 Though young and trembling is my heart,
The Lord doth bounteously impart
His light, his grace, his power and love,
Like dew descending from above.

3 Calmly I sit beneath his shade,
And view his mercies all display'd;
And these so full, so freely given,
That earth is made the verge of heaven.

4 Hosannas sweet I love to raise,
Inspired with holy, fervent praise ;
When all my powers and passions join
In hymns harmoniously divine.

EARLY TRUST IN GOD.

L. M.

1 GLORY to him, whose power I trust,
To save a feeble worm of dust ;
Who rules creation with a word,
The mighty and eternal Lord.

2 To him alone, my soul I give,
In him to move, for him to live ;
And nought esteem in earth or sky,
But what my Father doth supply.

3 No other pleasure shall control,
The powers and passions of my soul ;
All, all, shall dedicated be,
To Him who fills immensity.

4 He loves the youth, and faithful sire,—
He loves their bosoms to inspire ;
Their hearts to warm, their souls to bless
With all the bliss of holiness.

5 Then early will I seek his face,
And learn his will, and love his grace ;
His power revere, his goodness claim,
And glory only in his name.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MORNING HYMN. S. M.

- 1 THIS morning Lord attend,
While we are bow'd in prayer;
And from thy glorious throne descend,
And in our midst appear.
- 2 Make this thy dwelling place,
While we assembled stay;
Inspire each youthful soul with grace,
And wash our sins away.
- 3 O let this morning be
Devoted to thy ways;
And consecrate our school to thee,
And fill each heart with praise.
- 4 To child and teacher, Lord,
Be thy best favours given;
And may we all with one accord
Make sure our way to heaven.



MUTUAL PRAISE.

P. M.

- 1 COME, children, let us sing
The Saviour's dying love;
Your richest tribute bring,
And sweetest numbers move;
Come let us our devotions raise,
In cheerful songs of holy praise.

2 Sing we the love of God,
Diffus'd in Jesus' name;
The spirit shed abroad,
A pure and heavenly flame;
A bright celestial glow it is,
And full of God, and heav'n, and bliss.

3 Join we in mutual choir,
On this auspicious day;
Strike every sounding lyre,
Awake each tuneful lay;
Till Jesus' love inspires the whole,
From sea to sea, from pole to pole.

ANNIVERSARY HYMNS.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

S. M.

1 WITH time beyond the flood,
Another year has fled;
And many vile as well as good,
Are numbered with the dead.

2 Yet we are spared still,
To stand before the Lord;
And wait for his approving will,
Directed by his word.

- 3 Behold thy servants now,
With all their flocks appear;
And humbly at thy footstool bow,
Their Master's voice to hear.
- 4 The fleeting bye-gone days,
How happy have they been;
What glorious, heavenly displays
Our joyful eyes have seen.
- 5 And now we wait thy word,
Our labours to renew;
And in thy welcome service, Lord,
Our cheerful toils pursue.
- 6 All praise to thee we give,
All power to thee belongs;
And evermore thou shalt receive,
Our best and noblest songs.
- 7 Keep us another year,
May every school be blest;
And O at last may all appear,
In thy eternal rest.
-

TEACHERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
Whose pow'r alone creation rules;
Thou great, thou glorious, and Most High,
Assist us with our Sabbath Schools.

- 2 Wisdom, we ask, our flocks to lead
In paths illumined by thy throne;
Each trembling effort, Lord, succeed,
And all our various labors own.
- 3 We claim no power our schools to bless,
This great prerogative is thine;
Then deeply on our minds impress
The knowledge of thy truth divine.
- 4 Make us the instruments to guide
Unnumber'd youthful souls above;
Where child and cherub side by side,
Chant in sweet strains redeeming love.
- 5 Spirit of love, shine round the earth,
Bid sires and sons their triumphs raise,
Give nation after nation birth,
Till all that breathe resound thy praise.
-

TEACHERS' INVOCATION.

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, assembled in thy name,
We bow the humble suppliant knee,
And as the ancient mothers came,
We bring our tender charge to thee.
- 2 Most fervently thy servants pray,
Accepted may our off'rings be;
Saviour, again in kindness say,
"Bring all your children unto me."

- 3 O thou "good Shepherd of the sheep,"
Who didst for all thy life lay down;
Those objects of thy goodness keep,
And guard and love them as thine own.
- 4 Fold them within thy kind embrace,
And feed them with redeeming love;
Till they are called to see thy face,
In bright and happier worlds above.
-

TEACHERS AND PARENTS. P. M.

- 1 JESUS, hallow'd by thy name,
We thy love and goodness claim;
May our much lov'd children be
Taught to love and worship thee.
- 2 Help us mould them good and kind,
Models of the Saviour's mind;
May each youthful bosom bear
Jesus' image graven there.
- 3 Make them by our side to grow,
Graceful as the olive bough;
Blooming each with love divine,
Fruitful as the cluster'd vine.
- 4 May we and our children be
Constantly supplied by thee;
As our various wants demand,
Spread to us thy bounteous hand.

5 By our great Redeemer's side,
With our flocks let us abide ;
There in a cheerful order move,
Richly full of Jesus' love.

6 Folded thus may we enjoy
Heaven's full bliss without alloy ;
Sav'd from all corruption free,
Let us live and die to thee.

CHRISTMAS.

P. M.

1 WELCOME, the Lord's anointed,
God's well beloved Son ;
The Prince of Peace appointed,
The high and Holy One !
From heavens' sublimer ranges,
The Lord himself comes down ;
And for the cross exchanges
The grandeur of his throne.

2 The seraphs winged from glory,
Their tuneful carols play ;
And tell the enrapturing story,
That Christ is born to-day.
Good will and free salvation,
Their cherub songs employ ;
And lo ! they bring each nation
Glad tidings of great joy.

3 Go, shepherds, from your mountains,
And every palmy shade ;
From Judah's moss-grown fountains,
And view where Christ is laid.
Behold ! the illustrious Stranger,
King David's Royal heir ;
An infant in a manger
At Bethlehem doth appear.

4 Ye mortals of all ages,
In holy worship bend ;
And with the eastern sages,
The infant Lord attend :
Present to him your treasure,
The richest gems of earth ;
And with unmingled pleasure,
Hail your Redeemer's birth.

5 With heavens' bright hosts impendent,
Upon th' expansive air !
Let all earth's sons attendant,
The mighty triumph share.
Glory to the anointed,
The great and Holy One ;
To Christ the Lord appointed,
Who fills th' eternal throne.

SABBATH SCHOOL CHRISTMAS HYMN. P. M

1 O we hear delightful singing,
'Tis the music of the skies;
Heavenly hosts their chimes are ringing,
Soft and sweet the echo flies.

2 Seraphim descend from glory,
Bringing peace to all mankind;
How they swell the blissful story,
With their minstrelsy combined.

3 Angels are from heaven descending,
Spreading rapture o'er the earth;
Far and wide they are extending
News of the Redemeeer's birth.

4 Magi and the shepherds meet him,
With affectionate accord;
Each with praise and worship greet him,
As their great incarnate Lord.

5 We, our earlier tributes bring him,
Children join the heavenly choir;
And in songs triumphant sing him,
Waking every tuneful lyre.

6 He who comes to bring redemption,
Universal empire rules;
And from sin he gives exemption,
To all faithful Sunday Schools.

7 Now unto the infant Saviour,
Hymns of pure delight we raise ;
Child and teacher shall forever
Join to celebrate his praise.

8 Praise him, every mortal, praise him ;
Praise him all the hosts above ;
Anthems universal raise him,
Son of man, and God of love.



ANNIVERSARY OF TEACHERS. L. M.

1 LORD, we have met to celebrate
This joyful anniversary ;
To praise thee for the happy state
Of this returning jubilee.

2 Thou hast with gentle kindness led
Our schools another varied year ;
O'er us thy powerful shield was spread,
And lo ! we are assembled here.

3 The bye-gone season we survey
With humble, yet with thankful cheer ;
Thou hast sustained us day by day,
And led us safely through this year.

4 Some wayward youths, by sin allur'd,
To courses rude themselves have given;
While others have, by grace matur'd,
Exchang'd those earthly toils for heaven.

5 A goodly number yet remain,
Who claim our special care and love;
And while the burden we sustain,
Grant us the wisdom from above.

6 Weak are our humble efforts, Lord,
Those mighty duties to fulfil;
And now we come in full accord,
To crave thy presence with us still.

7 Our teachers, make them all divine,
The children bless with perfect peace;
Let thy full glories round us shine,
Thy kingdom and thy cause increase.

8 Enter we now the field again,
Thou in our front, O Lord, appear;
Our souls inspire, and strength sustain,
And make this our most prosperous year.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD. P. M.

1 SWEETEST child, how much I love thee,
While I view thy languid eye;
And the tenderest passions move me,
Watching life's last wearied sigh.

2 I have bowed my knees to heaven,
Praying to retain thee still;
But a sacred voice was given,
Saying, "'Tis thy Father's will."

3 'Tis his pleasure now to take thee,
E'er the evil times draw nigh;
And a cherub beauteous make thee,
'Midst the shining hosts on high.

4 Go, my child, it is thy Saviour
Calls thee to his heavenly rest;
There to be entranced forever,
On thy great Redeemer's breast.

5 God himself designs to grace thee
With the vestments of his power;
And midst holy seraphs, place thee
In his own celestial bower.

ANOTHER.

P. M.

1 LIFE, how short, how brief its story,
Thine a morning cloud has been ;
But 'tis opening now before thee,
With a glorious, blissful scene.

2 Lovely, interesting creature,
While my heart laments o'er thee ;
I can trace in each calm feature,
Thou hast gained eternity.

3 Thou hast fled ! thy angel spirit
Hast resigned its house of clay ;
Those bright mansions to inherit,
In the realms of endless day.

4 Thou art gone, my child, forever !
Dust is all remains of thee ;
And thy soul, through Jesus' favour,
Enters immortality.

5 There in pure and heavenly regions,
Basking near the eternal throne ;
Singing with cherubic legions,
"Holy, Holy, Holy One."

A CHILD'S FUNERAL.

L. M.

- 1 WITH solemn feeling now we pay
The last sad duties of regard;
To one with whom we us'd to pray,
Who now has entered his reward.
 - 2 Peace to those slumbering, cold remains,
Once blooming with life's beauteous wreath;
How sweet the calm that now obtains,
'Midst all the loveliness of death.
 - 3 A child belov'd has gone to rest,
His heavenly Father bid him come,
And lie on his Redeemer's breast,
In heaven his peaceful glorious home.
 - 4 May we who still on earth remain,
The followers of the Saviour's love;
Those conquests soon or later gain,
And meet those youthful souls above.
-

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

L. M.

- 1 As parting day from earth retires,
And the broad sunbeams gild the west;
And twilight kindles up her fires,
As signals of a peaceful rest.

2 So does the soul from time remove,
And heaven is tinged with glorious light ;
And God himself descends with love,
The bands of earth to disunite.

3 All ranks, all tribes, of men must die,
All states, the learned, wits and fools ;
The sage and churl together lie,
And sires and youths of Sunday Schools.

4 Then give me, Saviour, living grace,
Rear me to serve in time thy will ;
Then take me to behold thy face,
And my full soul with glory fill.



FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

TUNE—"O had I wings like a dove."

1 FAREWELL to the world, for glory I'm bound,
To meet all my brethern there ;
With them in those beauteous worlds to be crown'd,
Their glorious triumphs to share.
With them to repose in heavenly rest,
From sighing and suffering free ;
With seraphs and saints eternally blest,
And glories immortal to see.

- 2 O when shall I gain the celestial height,
And view those bright landscapes o'er ;
O when shall I rise to that pure light,
Where the wearied sigh no more.
Where angelic hosts in mutual choir
Are sounding their hymns of love,
Attuning their sweet ethereal lyre
Around the bright realms above.
- 3 O heaven, sweet heaven, is heaving in view,
Its glittering towers I see ;
The sky with its tinge of heavenly blue,
Now opens its portals to me.
For me all the cherubic myriads stay
With tokens of cordial love ;
Inviting my spirit from sighing away,
Away to the mansions above.
-

LET EVERY SOUL REJOICE.

TUNE—"When shall we meet again."

- 1 LET every soul rejoice
In Jesus' favour ;
And with harmonious voice,
Adore the Saviour ;
May love our souls inspire,
And wake each tuneful lyre,
To sound the rapture higher,
Singing forever.

2 May we thy goodness know
Eternal Saviour;
And praise, like rivers, flow
Onward forever.
Till we with angels join,
And mutually combine,
To chant sweet hymns divine,
Praising forever.

3 To all on earth we say,
Farewell forever;
And upwards soar away,
To see our Saviour;
With every blessing blest,
To lie on Jesus' breast,
In everlasting rest,
Happy forever.

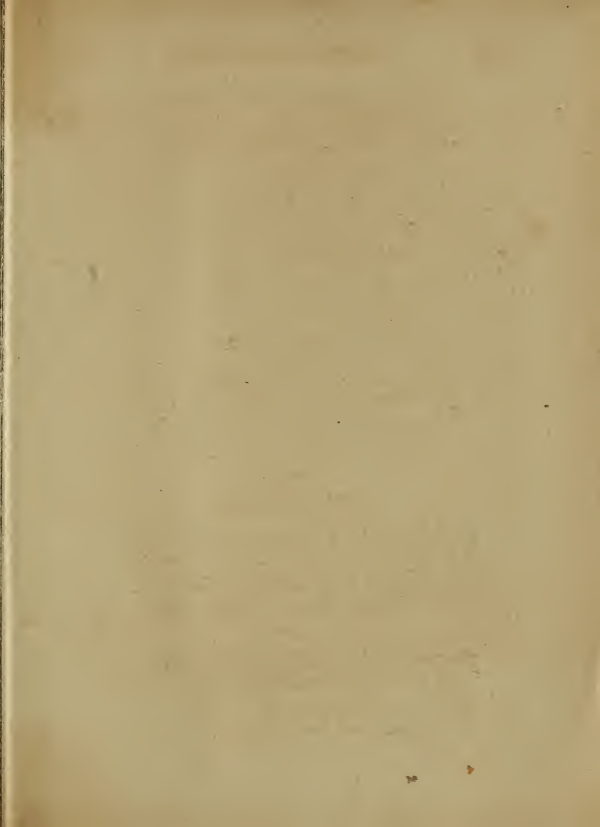
DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

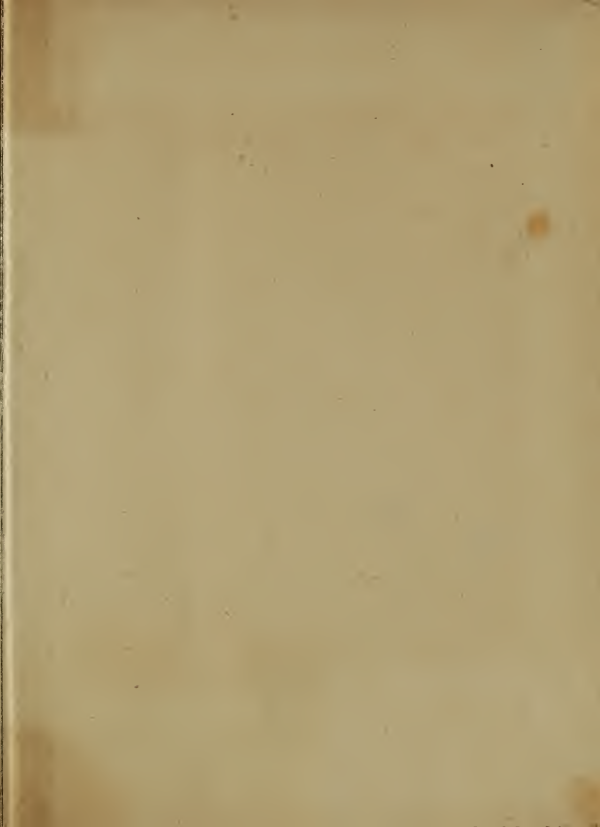
PRAISE ye the Lord, who kindly rules
And governs all our Sunday Schools;
Let children with the cherub host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

—
PRAISE ye the Lord, the Holy One,
Who rules the heavenly host;
Adore the Father on the throne,
The Son and Holy Ghost.







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